VOL. III. No. 1.} GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858. {WHOLE No. 103.

For "The Times."

THE MYSTERIES OF A NIGHT,

A LIFE DRAMA

OF THE CITY.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

PROLOGUE.

THE first scene of our story occurred in the plainly furnished parlor of a house standing in an obscure portion of the city, early in the evening of a damp and disagreeable day in December, 1855.

Two characters are visible in the scene—the wife of James Edgar and his employer; the former a young and beautiful woman, not more than twenty years of age, and who had not been married more than a year, the latter an intelligent, fashionably dressed, and gentlemanly looking personage of forty or forty-five years.

"One thing is certain," said the gentleman, energetically, in continuance of the conversation that had been earnestly going on between them; "your husband is standing upon the brink of a precipice which cannot be contemplated without a shudder!"

"It cannot be that he is as criminal as you are inclined to believe him," pleaded Mrs. Edgar, as tears coursed freely down her cheeks.

"Do not say *inclined*, my dear madam," said the gentleman in a kind and sympathetic tone. "I do not deserve it; I am not inclined to look upon your husband in as bad a light as I am forced to by the facts and circumstances that have of late come thronging and crowding upon the attention of myself and partners. You know, and will frankly admit, Mrs. Edgar, that your husband is a gambler."

"I have long feared, and indeed, been *perfectly* satisfied that such is the case," was the tearfully uttered reply.

"And you will also admit that he is fond of a social glass, whether at home or abroad, although his respect for you does not allow him to gratify this inclination by keeping ardent spirits in the house."

The woman bowed her head, while the tears gushed more freely from her eyes.

"You will also admit that he is very extravagant in dress—in his personal indulgences, in his mode of living—and in every other way in which it is possible for a gentleman to gain the reputation around him of being a 'fast man,' a 'whole team,' and a 'two-forty party.'"

Again the woman bowed her head.

"Heaven knows," continued the gentleman, in a voice really expressive of pity and profound respect, "that I do not mean to pain your feelings, nor cast a single aspersion upon your principles and general course of duties as a wife. I know that your influence has been exerted to its greatest extent upon the side of economy and industry, and that you have long and earnestly endeavored to win Mr. Edgar from those evil and demoralizing influences that have become to him such a terrible curse."

"I thank you, Mr. Nason, for those cheering words, and beg leave to renew my assurance to you, that I have always endeavored to do the duty of a faithful and affectionate wife."

"And one who really had the interests of your husband at heart," added Mr. Nason, "as he would long ago have been benefitted by discovering, had he not been blinded by the polluting acquaintances and connections he has contracted."

"I trust it is not yet too late for him to hearken to my advice, and change his present course of action."

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Nason briefly, but thoughtfully. "If your husband has this night gone forth to a gambling den—if he has been abstracting money from his employers for the last six months, in order to meet the expenses of his reckless habits, and to carry out his gambling schemes—I must say that there is but little hope of reformation this side of public shame and infamy."

The wretched wife could only reply by a renewed flood of tears.

"Have you ever discovered," inquired Mr. Nason, "where your husband is in the habit of passing the evenings on which he is absent from his business and from you?"

"I have not, to a certainty," was the reply. "But suspect at a faro bank, at the corner of Broadway and —— street. James is in the habit of talking in his sleep, when unusually tired and restless; and putting these unconscious revelations together and studying over them, I have come to the conclusion that he has often visited the place mentioned, and lost considerable money there."

"And you may depend upon it that I, as one of his employers, have suffered for a large portion of the money which has been thus madly and foolishly thrown away," was the warm reply of Mr. Nason, as he arose to his feet, and began to pass to and fro in the room with a great deal of agitation.

"My God! can it be possible that one so good and noble as James has shown himself, can be guilty of such criminality—such base ingratitude?"

"Anything is possible with a man whose brains are at the mercy of an organized gang of thieves and gamblers," replied Mr. N. "There is no end to the chain of iniquity when it has once began to be paid out, and I have my suspicions that Mr. Edgar has been unwinding it at a very rapid rate for the last four or five months. Developments are daily coming to light which point to him as a robber of our funds, even a robber of our private safe; and all this money has been thrown away upon a gang of villains—as bad a set of men as ever went unwhipt of justice."

"God only knows where it will end," was all Mrs. Edgar could utter, in reference to the career of her husband. "For my part, I have often thought it would be better for me to lie peaceably in my grave!"

"No, no—do not say that, my dear madam," said the kind gentleman, as he seated himself by her side, and looked kindly upon the features where it seemed as if despair had already began to place its terrible seal. "Do not give way to such fearful reflections. This whole business has assumed a miserable and degrading complexion, but I have some hopes that the worst may be avoided, and a change for the better soon manifested by Mr. Edgar. Were this not the case, we should have taken different measures than we have, and instead of my being here at this moment, taking counsel with you in reference to these evils, I should have been before the proper authorities making a complaint."

"And you will spare him?" gasped Mrs. E., as she laid her hand imploringly upon the arm of her companion.

"Until it is evident that he is lost to all honor, integrity and manliness," was the response; "and then, if the worst must come, he can blame no one but himself."

"But what is to be done, and how are we to proceed, since you have kindly sought me?" asked Mrs. Edgar.

"I will soon inform you." And while Mr. Nason is engaged in that feature of the business, we will gain a deeper insight into the character of James Edgar.

CHAPTER I.

"HALE FELLOWS WELL MET."

A YOUNG man came hurriedly out of Sherwood's saloon on Broadway, and gazed excitedly up and down the street, while he staggered from the effect of the liquor which he had been drinking.

"It's du-deuced qu-queer where the boys are at this auspicious moment," he muttered, as he reeled against a lamp-post for support, and earnestly scanned several individuals in the crowd around him. "I guess they have forgotten the appointment at Hearne's establishment, or else," he added, with a fast gathering fierceness in his voice and manner, "the scou-scoundrels do not mean to give me a chance to win back my money."

"Edgar is all right," said a voice behind him, at this moment, which caused him to turn in the direction of the speaker.

Two young men were standing at the entrance of the saloon, quietly puffing their cigars in the face of a policeman, who had been expecting a row in that quarter, and had therefore been "mysteriously absent" for half an hour, and had but just returned.

These two men were richly, though rather flashily dressed, and might have passed in good society for gentlemen.—They were instantly recognized by Mr. Edgar, who staggered over to where they were standing, and shook them warmly by the hand, while he exclaimed,

"I'm devilish glad to see you, gentlemen; I had just begun to think you would not keep your promise."

"And we had the same unkind suspicion of you," responded one of the individuals addressed, a Mr. John Suydam, as he led the way down the stairs he had just ascended, "but are glad to see that you are a man of honor and veracity, even upon business matters."

"All right," said Bill Livingston, the other gambler, by way of saying something upon the occasion; "let's all take something in Dan's most *recherche* style, and then take a cooling off around the city."

The party entered the saloon and seated themselves in one of the boxes, Mr. Edgar being duly guided by his companions.

"What are you going to have, Mr. Edgar?" asked Suydam, as a waiter made his appearance.

"I'm blest if I know," was the reply. "I am conscious that I ought not to take anything, in view of my condition. Look at me—containing only two drinks, and being two-thirds drunk!"

Mr. E. was soon prevailed upon, however, to "name something," and the orders were soon filled by the attentive waiter, when the trio were left to themselves.

"The devil is in Sherwood's liquor," muttered Edgar, the moment the waiter had given his attention to a new arrival. "I never was much nearer drunk in my life, and I haven't taken but two drinks this evening, as true as I am a living sinner."

A look of intelligence passed between the two gamblers at this remark—a look which renders it necessary for us to say that they had contrived to put a drug into Edgar's wine through the officiousness of the waiter, they having been seated in the stall next to him, at the moment he was waiting their arrival at the place of appointment.

"Well, it's all right, I s'pose," added the victim, as he continued, sipping his brandy, "but what's trumps?"

"The 'pile' you have brought with you to-night—if you are only lucky," said Suydam, giving utterance to a laugh.

"And lucky I will be," quickly rejoined Edgar, while the fierceness of manner we have before noticed, was momentarily visible. "I have lost and lost, repeatedly; and the devil's in my luck if I do not get some satisfaction out of Hearne's bank before I sleep."

"That's good spunk," muttered Livingston, as he passed around cigars, "but in order to make a hit, you want some foundation to act upon—a few thousands as a dernier resort to carry an advantageous point."

"And I've got it," replied Edgar, quickly; "thirty-five hundred dollars out of the old man's safe, in addition to the thousands I have before taken."

"Then your chance is A, No. 1," replied Suydam, and again a significant glance passed between the two professional gamblers.

"I don't play it into your hands, however, nor against your hands," added Edgar, "I'm going to look up some new customer, take a new game, and go in upon a new tide of fortune!"

"The gamblers were temporarily confused by this announcement, but soon recovered their usual equanimity, and Livingston suggested another supply of liquor.

"No," responded Edgar, whose head had been slightly cleared from the effect of the drug by the last drink he had taken, "I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, but I am not going to drink any more to-night. God knows I am standing in a position where all my coolness is absolutely necessary."

"You have been running the funds of your employers rather close, eh!"

"So close that I am a disgraced and ruined man, unless the venture of to-night is successful," was the almost fierce reply. "I know that I am very strongly suspected, and should not wonder if a week does not pass away before I am discovered!"

"Nonsense," muttered Suydam.

"It may seem so to you," rejoined Edgar, "but with me it is a most serious matter. I have been such a fool as to lose a great deal of money at one time and another, that was not legally mine; and I must now make the fool's effort to replace it, and once more get myself into a position in life where my slumbers will not be haunted by gallows and coffins!"

The agony of the young man's spirit at this instant was sufficiently indicated by the large drops of sweat that made their appearance upon his forehead.

"You are nervous, friend Edgar," observed Livingston, with pretended kindness, "I beg of you, my dear fellow, not to give way to such a miserable train of reflections."

"Well, I won't. Let us all go and take the air," and the intimation was acted upon, the party crossing over to the Park side of Broadway, and there holding a conference.

"It's too unfashionably early," said Suydam, "to think of business for an hour or two, and so, what say you, boys, to a cruise about town, a call or two, or something of that sort? If you are willing to go, Edgar—"

"O, I am ready to do anything that will keep me from thinking what a miserable criminal I am," interrupted the misguided young man with a restlessness of manner that was fearful to behold. "Lead on, going your own route, whether it is to the station house or to the devil, and you may depend upon it that James Edgar is with you!"

"Well, we will show you around, but not with any intention of reaching either of the fashionable quarters you have so feelingly mentioned. To the contrary of such disagreeable sights and reflections," added Suydam, as he drew the arm of Edgar in his own, and led him away from the spot, "we will spend a couple of hours very agreeably by paying our *devoirs* to the new boarders at Ma'am Smith's genteel and highly intellectual establishment."

And here we change the scene to one occurring at a later hour of the night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COURAGE AND EXPERIENCE.—Courage and experience may belong to an old man, but they count as nothing if he have not that impulse which prompts men to dare great things. Take the past history of the world, and it is apparent that all great generals have reaped their glory when young—Washington, Wellington, Bonaparte Nelson, Turenne, Marlborough, Marshal, Saxe, Cæsar, Alexander, Titus, and Scipio, were all under fifty when they reached the summit of their fame; most of them were far under that age.

He who has no shame has but little conscience.

HAS SHE ANY TIN?

[It is with great pleasure we announce to our readers that, through our traveling Corresponding Editor Mr. W. R. Hunter, we have secured the services of the talented young Authoress of the following Poem, as a regular contributor to the columns of the Times.]

Away with accomplishments! charms, all away!
Tell me not of proud Beauty's resistless array;
It's nonsense, all witchcraft, a bundle of trash,
Things heeded alone by the foolish and rash.
Give me the rich lady, with purses of charms,
Who wins by her dark-*ies*, plantations and farms;
Not beauty, nor graces, naught's wanted but dimes—
They alone can console in these hard, hard times.
Your slender-built beauties, your delicate flowers
The sunshine can stand, not adversity's showers;
Like the glittering ray-fish, they're beautiful things,
But you'd better not touch, and beware of their stings.
Then accomplishments, extras—what won't come up next?— [ed;
I scarcely can think of the things, but I'm vex-
French, Music and Latin—the whole endless list
Could all be dispensed with, and yet never missed.
Your opera music, your fashionable singing,
A sheep can surpass, when his neck-bell is ringing;
Your daubing with paint, and your working with floss;
This knitting and braiding, this patchwork of moss,
All heaped in a pile, make a beautiful mess
For a young lady's fortune, I truly confess.
But there's one humbug more, and the least of the train—
The vapor that springs from the novelist's brain—
The bubble called Love, which its origin claims
Alone in the fancy of novel-spoilt dames.
I presume it is true, as we've all heard it said,
It inhabits not seldom the college-boy's head,
Imparting a smoothness and softness of skin
That is equaled by naught but the softness within.
Ah! pitiful creatures, how can they esteem
So highly the visions of which they but dream?
But let them alone, they are sure to repent
Ere in life's busy battle they've many years spent.
When Poverty enters the threshold, she makes it
A point to give Love through the window his exit;
And your lovely young wife, though the town all extol her,
Can't compare with the charms of the all-mighty dollar.
For this is a love which can long be enjoyed—
Not a dream—something real, and can't be destroyed;
For the longer you worship the silver you hold,
The stronger you'll cling to your treasures and gold.
As to ladies' accomplishments, tell me, I pray,
Are these not the thoughts of this audience to-day?
Perhaps not of all, but of many, I guess,
Who if questioned would quickly (or *slowly*) confess
They have always committed that commonest sin
Of serving their favorite divinity, Tin.
Now do not repel the assault with a blush,
And declare you have never regarded the plush;
It sticks out too plainly, when anxious to hear,
You inquire so intently, her income a year;
Or, with head half inclined, the sweet sound to draw in—
"Just between you and me, *has she got any tin?*"
And then can't your motives be plainly discerned,
When about some old Colonel you're might'ly concerned,
Inquiring of weather, the prospect of rains,
How comes on the cotton, the corn crop and grains;
But finding she's rich, don't know enough yet,
To be certain, must ask if her daddy's in debt.
If everything suits, and the investment is sure,
Then quick introduction you'll plan to procure.
But just let the answer be this "She is poor,"
Then your curious questions are whispered no more,
And turning away, like a sorrowful churl,—
"She looks like she might be a very nice girl."
Miss So-and-so's face is as rough as a fence;
She is destitute quite of all solid good sense;
Her eyes are nigh fit to jump out of the head,
Which last is well warmed with a covering of red;
Her nose forms a mountain prodigiously high,
Protruding the upper lip, scaring the eye,
While chin, quite afraid of the horrible mouth,
Takes a pointed direction away to the South.
In short, you may say she's as ugly as sin;
But that's a mere straw, for she's plenty of tin.
Though the dark cloud of ugliness over her hovers,
She's greeted by flocks of admirers and lovers.
After all your objections—her big Roman nose,
Her wood-pecker head, and her parrot-like toes—
She is not to be scorned, nor be deemed an enormity,
Her money will cloak every trifling deformity.
There's Ma'moiselle Louise, the rich city belle,
Can talk as she pleases, can whoop and can yell;
To Webster new words she can any time add,
In Murray make changes exceedingly bad,
And Chesterfield's rules so completely misplace,
That but for her wealth it would prove her disgrace.
But just let Miss Polly, Miss Dilsey, Miss Dolly;
Who dress in their homespun, and think it no folly;
Who scour, wash and iron, can spin and can knit,
Some trivial, venial error commit—
Then, horrid! O horrid! ridiculous balk!
The people will snigger, they'll laugh, and they'll talk,—
"How awkward, ill-manner'd, and so impolite,
But that class of people can never do right."
You surely forget, while condemning their follies,
Your mammy when younger was one of the Pollies.
Yes, now at the shuttle you'll turn up your nose,
Forgetting when mammy wove all of your clothes;
That you used to card out the cotton for thread,
While mammy was cooking the hoe-cake of bread.
You sleep late, but once when your daddy would sow
His barley, he'd rise ere the chickens would crow;
With harrow and hoe to the fields he'd away,
To work like a Turk till the close of the day.
Very strange that you now can't remember such things,
But act as decended from nobles and kings:
Eat breakfast at ten, and take dinner at five,
This dining so early you couldn't survive.
Your pastry, deserts, your French dishes and wines,
May have made you forget the old muscadine vines,
And the briers you've trudged through with thorns in your feet,
That Sunday might find you with pie for a treat;
And how for a ride you would pitch and would fight,
When daddy came home with the ox-cart at night.
Now, pray don't forget, when Miss Polly you scorn,
The double log-cabin in which you were born;
But keep it in mind, and imagine no more,
If you *are* wealthy now, that you never were poor.
Wealth gives to the meanest, most ignorant man,
Free license to do all the mischief he can.
What freedom your rich man, your General uses,
The good taste of others how freely abuses;
Can eat with his fingers, can lick out his platter,
It's nothing, of course, but a very small matter.
If, by way of mistake, he knocks over his cup,
Or, intent on his soup, takes a very loud sup,
Frightens waiter to death, with a terrible bleat,
Shoves off on the cloth the loose scraps from his plate;
You are sure to apologize kindly, and smile—
"How eccentric his ways!"—but your anger and bile
Would burst like Vesuvius, o'erwhelm the offender,
If he be *some* mechanic, boot-maker or mender.
Yes, poor eccentricity bears all the blame,
So long as for riches he keeps up his fame;
While General can talk of his negroes and lands,
His chance for a speck, of his newly-laid plans;
Expatiate largely on Russia intentions,
On Liquor Law bills and Know Nothing Conventions,
Puff away at his ease Rio Hondo cigars;
Can strut in kid gloves, hold his head to the stars,
Pull out his gold watch with its dangling gold chain;
Walk up and down street with a gold-headed cane:
Though his high head is empty, he'll hold the first rank
So long as it's known he has money in bank.
The young dandy, charmed, like a bird by a snake,
Commits a quite common but fatal mistake;
For his eyes, while bedazzled with gold's blinding light,
Are certain of virtue and worth to lose sight.
Seeking only distinction, to which he would rise
He worships and marries a millionaire prize.
When safely ensnared, without chance to escape,
To his sorrow he finds he's in Midas's scrape,
Who prayed that his touch should change all things to gold,
But famished with hunger and shivering with cold,
Very soon begged of Bacchus a different treat,
To turn his gold back into blankets and meat.
No friend to calm softly the billows that roll,
While adversity's storms are convulsing the soul
No gentle companion, with magical art
To light with her smiles, and bid darkness depart.
O no; but instead, he has married a pet,
Who can murmur and grumble, can quarrel and fret;
Bawling week after week, scolding day after day,
At all living creatures that come in her way.—
Yes, one whose ill temper no kindness appeases,
Who'll have her own way, and do just as she pleases;
Who ne'er in her life to a mortal could bow
And wouldn't by any be ruled over now;
Must everything have that she thinks she admires,
Or burst out in fury like volcanic fires.
And then if it happens the crop's rather slim,
And he can't spare the money to meet every whim,
No pity she'll have, but in spite she must dress,
If it plunges him into the deepest distress;
The bonnets, the silks and the satins must come
Let it make him grow gray, yes, or blind, deaf and dumb;
This thing of refusing he never could dare—
He'd sooner encounter a lion or bear.
Not the sigh of a murmur must ever arise,
Or he'll certainly forfeit his head or his eyes;
Must be as subsissive and meek as a lamb;
Must bear, must endure and be perfectly calm;
Must never the slightest objection disclose,
No matter what notions she's wont to propose.
Then, if for her folly, he happens to get
Involved head and ears in a vortex of debt,
One thing's pretty certain, he'll stay in the mire—
There he'll struggle alone, there he'll even expire.
If he waited for help, he'd be looking in vain,
She'd never assist him to get out again;
Wasn't used to hard-working, and wouldn't be vexed,
Be worried, tormented, and ever perplexed;
Wasn't married to be made a contemptible slave,
And wouldn't be one, the whole Union to save.
To darn wouldn't stoop, wouldn't look at a patch,
Her delicate fingers no needle should scratch;
It was never a part of the life she had led
To hammer at biscuit or make up a bed.
O no; she'd been used to the parlor and dance,
Perusing new novels, absorbed in romance,
A little French poetry, music and song,
Then dozing away the whole afternoon long.
Poor fellow, I guess ere in sorrow he dies,
He'll wish he'd not heard of that millionaire prize.

Alas! who would sacrifice comfort for tin?
How few, notwithstanding, are free from the sin?
These fish that will bite at the bait of the dimes,
Are commonly caught, and caught badly sometimes.
I've heard of a story where charmed by the tin,
Another poor fellow was quite taken in.
Well, there once was a lady remarkably fair,
Whose beauties were numerous, charming and rare;
She attracted this sprout, with his head full of sap,
A victim just fit to be caught in a trap;
When captured, and after all help was too late,
He found he had married an old bald pate,
Decked off in some ringlets, all glossy and fine,
As little *her* ringlets as yours or mine;
The eye that he thought was so sparkling and bright,
Was a smooth ball of glass, without muscle or sight;
The cheeks that so glowed with the tint of the morn,
No sooner were washed than all color was gone;
The white pearly teeth, all so smooth and so sound,
Had belonged to some Indian long since in the ground;
But naught had the victim so terribly nettled,
As to find that on *her* all the money was settled.
The ladies, too, fall into errors absurd:
How oft of some charming young miss have I herd,
Who to some old grand-daddy her liberty sold,
Because he had promised a plenty of gold!
Poor thing, and when purchased with carriages fine,
With furniture, dresses, ere long she will pine;
In sackcloth and ashes her folly repent,
Ere a fortnight in bondage she's mournfully spent.
The crabbed old thing is forever complaining;
He's grunting and groaning, be it shining or raining;
He'll sneeze and he'll quarrel, he'll cough and he'll creep,
The weary day long he will doze and he'll sleep;
Then smoke up the house with tobacco and pipe
His dirty black feet on the ottoman wipe;
In short, such an obstinate, hard-headed man,
She never can please him—do all that she can.
'Tis not the young only who worship the gold
The same mighty charmer entices the old.
The shriveled old mother—now soon to expire,
With a tremulous voice, "Is he rich?" must inquire.
If he's not, then his visits she'll quickly cut short,
Can never consent to a match of that sort.
But he's hundreds of thousands, and just let her hear it,
Instanter, he seems a young man of great merit.
O yes, he must now be invited to dine;
The parlor, the house and the table must shine;
The children must have on their best Sunday clothes,
Keep quiet, their ignorance not to expose;
The servants must practice until they are able,
Without seeming awkward, to wait on the table;
Young mistress must primp, and do all that she can,
To catch such a wealthy and charming young man.
And now since the heiress alone's in demand,
There's a curious practice I can't understand:
So the question to ladies I'd like to propose,
Perhaps you'll be able the trick to disclose.
What's the use of this greasing and painting your faces,
This dressing in satins, rich ribons and laces,
This curling and scorching, and screwing your hair,
Your bleaching and scrubbing to make you look fair,
Your drawing and squeezing, and pinching your feet,
This enduring of death, as you glide through the street?
No matter *how* pretty, no heart will you win,
So it's no use to try, if you're *minus* the tin.
But then, if you've got it, why suffer the pain?
Distinction and honor you'll certainly gain.
Think no more of your flounces, your bonnets, too, now,
Pull up from you shoulders and cover your brow;
Think no more of the mind, for the fashions all mock it;
But center your energies all on the pocket;
Deem all your accomplishments not worth a straw,
But to keep you from under stern poverty's paw;
Pay court to the rich, get or *seem* rich yourself;
Give beauty the background and scruples the shelf;
Think no more of fine eyes, pretty mouth, dimpled chin—
Like a cork you will float on a life-boat of Tin.

E. O. M.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

We are indebted to Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature" for the following sketch of Mrs. Sigourney, the most loved poetess of America. It enters more, however, into her literary life, than into her social, which we much regret; for her writings are but the out gushings of a most lovely inner life, which if more fully dwelt upon would add a new golden link of affection to bind her to the great American heart.

Lydia Huntley, the daughter and only child of Ezekiel Huntley and Sophia Wentworth, was born at Norwich, Conn., September 1, 1791. Her father, who bore a part in the war of the Revolution, was a man of worth and benevolence.—His wife possessed those well balanced, unobtrusive virtues of character which marked the New England lady of the olden time.

Among the happiest influences attending the childhood of their daughter, was the cultivated society of Madam Lathrop, the widow of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, and the daughter of the Hon. John Talcott, of Hartford, who held for a succession of years the office of Governor of Connecticut. Mr Huntly, having charge of her estate, resided with his seperate family under her roof, and in that fine old mansion their child was born. Her precocity was exhibited in reading fluently at the age of three, and composing simple verses at seven, smooth in rhythm, and an invariable religious sentiment. As she grew older, she profited by the society of the distinguished visitors who sought the hospitable home; and received in addition every advantage of education which could then be obtained.

When Miss Huntley was fourteen, she had the misfortune to lose her venerable friend who died at the ripe age of eighty-nine. She continued her studies until her nineteenth year, when she put into execution a plan she had long contemplated, of engaging in the work of instruction. Associating herself with her most intimate friend, Miss Ann Maria Hyde, who sympathised warmly in her scheme, a school was opened for young ladies, and conducted with great success for two years.

In 1814 Miss Huntly was induced to commence a select school at Hartford, under the auspices of influential relations of her early friend, Mrs. Lathrop. Removing to that city, she became an inmate in the mansion of Mrs. Wadsworth, the widow of Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, a lady of high intellectual and moral worth. It was at the suggestion, and under the auspices of a son of this lady, Daniel Wadsworth, Esqr., who had known Miss H. from her infancy, that a selection from her writing sappeared in 1815. *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*, the title of Miss Huntley's volume, affords a good indication to its contents, almost all of the short poems which it contains having a direct moral purpose in view. The prose essays are introduced by the remark, that they were addressed to "a number of young ladies under her care," and the writer, throughout the volume, seems to have had her vocation of teacher in view. A poem on General St. Clair, "neglected and forgotten by his country, poor and in obscurity, on one of the Alleghany mountains," shows the sympathy with patriotic and national topics which has characterized her entire literary carceer. The volume was well received, and led to the author's engagement as a contributor to various periodicals.

In the summer of 1819 Miss Huntley become the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney, a thoroughly educated and accomplished merchant of Hartford. They removed to a beautiful rural residence overlooking the city, where they resided for nearly twenty years.

In 1822, Mrs. Sigourney published *Traits of the Aborigines*, an historical poem, in five cantos. A collection of her miscellaneous poems was made about the same time in London, under the title of *Lays from the West*. In 1824 she published a volume in prose, *A Sketch of Connecticut forty years since*. These were followed in rapid succession by *Letters to Young Ladies* and *Letters to Mothers*, a collection of poems and of prose tales, and *Poetry for Children*. In 1836 *Zinzendorff and other poems* appeared. The opening and chief production of the collection introduces us to the beautiful vale of Wyoming, and after an eloquent tribute to its scenery and historic fame, to the missionary Zinzendorff, doubly noble by ancestral rank and self-sacrificing labor, engaged in his missionary exertions among the Indians.

We meet him striving to administer consolation by the couch of the dying chief; beneath the wide spreading elm addressing the multitude on the subject of his mission, the welfare of their souls; at his quiet devotions in his tent, watched by assassins who shrank back from their purposes as they saw the rattlesnake glide past his feet unharming and unharmed, so calm and absorbed was the good man in his duty, the messengers of death returning to the grim savage prophet who had sent them on their errand, with the reply, that the stranger was a god. The poem closes with the departure of Zinzendorff at a later period from the infant city of Philadelphia, and an eloquent tribute to missionary labor, combined with an exhortation to Christian union.

The remaining poems are descriptive of natural scenery, commemorative of departed friends, versifications of scripture narratives, or inculcative of scripture truth. A warm sympathy with missionary effort, and with philanthropic labor of every description, is manifest in all.

In 1841 *Pocahontas and Other Poems* appeared. The Pocahontas is one of the longest (extending to fifty-six stanzas of nine lines each) and also most successful of the author's productions. It opens with a beautiful picture of the vague and shadowy repose of nature, which the imagination conceives as the condition of the New World prior to the possession of its shores by the Eastern voyagers. We have then presented the landing at Jamestown, and the worship in the church quickly raised by the pious hands of the colonists. The music which formed a part of their daily service of common prayer attracts the ear of the Indian, and this naturally and beautifully brings Powhatan and his daughter on the scene. The rescue of Capt. Smith is but slightly alluded to, the writer preferring to dwell upon the less hackneyed, if not equally picturesque scenes before her, in the life of her heroine. We have her visit of warning to the English, her baptism, reception in England, marriage, quiet domestic life, and early death, all presented in an animated and sympathetic manner, frequently interrupted by passages of reflection in Mrs. Sigourney's best view. The remaining poems are similar in character to the contents of the volumes already noticed.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands, published in 1842, is a volume of recollections in prose and poetry, of famous and picturesque scenes visited, and of hospitalities received during an European tour in 1840. The greater portion of the "Memories" are devoted to England and Scotland. The poems are descriptive, reflective, and occasionally in a sportive vein. During this sojourn in Europe, two volumes of Mrs. Sigourney's poems were published in London. Among the gifts and tokens of kindness which greeted the author from various distinguished persons, was a splendid diamond bracelet from the Queen of the French.

Myrtis, with other Etchings and Sketches, appeared in 1846. In 1848 a choice edition of the author's miscellaneous poems was published, with illustrations from the pencil of Parly. In 1850 the death of her only son, and with the exception of a

daughter, only child, a youth of much promise, at the early age of nineteen, was followed by the publication of *The Faded Hope*, a touching and beautiful memento o. her severe bereavement. Mrs. Sigourney has since published *The Western Home and Other Poems*, and a graceful volume of prose sketches entitled, *Past Meridian*.

Mrs. Sigourney has been one of the most voluminous of American female writers, having published from forty to fifty different volumes.

Her most successful efforts are her occasional poems, which abound in passages of earnest, well expressed thought, and exhibit in their graver moods a pathos combined with hopeful resignation, characteristic of the mind trained by exercise in self-knowledge and self-control. They possess energy and variety. Mrs. Sigourney's wide and earnest sympathy with all topics of friendship and philanthropy is always at the service of these interests, while her command of versification enables her to present them with ease and fluency.

The following letter, just received from Mrs. Sigourney, and which we intended publishing in this number of the Times, comes in more appropriately after the above sketch than any other place. We have on hand another letter from the same authoress, which will be published soon. She will please excuse the liberty we take in publishing her letter, as it adds interest to the poem.

HARTFORD, CT., Dec., '57.

Gentlemen: I place at your disposal a poem, recently written, on the adversities of that illustrious man, whose name, one of your beautiful cities, aids to perpetuate; the circumstances of whose imprisonment were rendered more painfully vivid, by a visit to the narrow, gloomy cell in the Tower of London, where he was nightly immured, during his sequestration of thirteen years. Very Respectfully,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

RALEIGH IN PRISON.

Doth the Muse visit prisons?—Iron bars
And bolts exclude terrestrial ministries,—
Yet thro' those grated panes where blessed light
Steals faintly, and the foil'd sun turns away,
She cometh.

Pleasure, in its round o'erlooks
The woe-worn captive,—Friendship may forget,
Even Piety forego its Lord's command,—
But in her tenderness and truth she comes,—
Treading oblivion neath her radiant feet.—

So did she visit Raleigh,—when the spite
Of the first Stuart,—and the traitor-craft
Of Cecil,—and brutality of Coke,
Caged that sweet bird of song and rudely thrust
Into a noisome dungeon, dark and cold,
The soul of eloquence and chivalry.

Moons wax'd and wan'd and years press'd slow on years,
Till o'er the unjustly-sentenc'd, stole the snows
That chill the temples;—an I diseases born
From damp, imprisoning walls, like vampyres clutched
His graceful form, and dire Paralysis
Drew back with icy rein, the wheels of life,
And drave them heavily.

Still, with bright eye
And voice ethereal, linger'd in his cell
The angel muse.—Dipping her sacred pen
Deep in the molten gold of History,—
She rapt him in the Past,—and then she struck
Her lyre, and sang of man and fate and death,
Till soaring o'er all foes, he stood serene
In the great might of immortality.

So fed the soul on meat they know not of,—
Who held the body bound.

The inner ear
Shaping itself to heavenly harmonies,
Found dulcet knowledge, like the bee that bears
The spirit of the rose unto her hive.

The oppressors sneer'd, perchance,—and sternly grasp'd
The mace and sceptre,—noting unto him
Scaffold and axe.—Yet when he seem'd to fall,
The highest rose,—in his Deliverer's strength,—
To swell the song that hath no prison-tone.

* An ancient historian in mentioning the speech in which for hours he defended his life before the Court, says,—"never did any man speak so within times past, nor ever will any man, in time to come."

GEN. WALKER IN NICARAGUA.—The Consul of the United States at Punta Arenas writes to the State Department, under date of 30th of November, six days after Walker's arrival, that the filibusters were living in houses rented from the Indians at that place; that Walker had formally proclaimed himself President of Nicaragua, and that he was waiting, before pushing into the interior, for reinforcements of men and munitions of war, which he was daily expecting.

S. C. BANKS.—The Legislature of South Carolina has refused to legalize the late suspensions of the Banks in that State.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A recent dispatch has been received by the Government, from the Commander of the African Squadron. He says the slave trade appears to be carried on at present to an unusual extent, and seems principally centered at or near the mouth of Congo river. He had ordered the sloop of war Dale, with four months' provisions, to cruise along the southern coast. He also informs the department of the absolute inefficiency of the squadron, composed as it is entirely of sailing vessels, for any effectual suppression of the slave trade. He also calls the attention of the department to the legalized traffic in native Africans, which is at present being carried on in the name of the French government.

INTERESTING LECTURES:—The Wilmington papers say that Professor Johns, late British Consul at Jerusalem, will shortly deliver a series of lectures in that place, based upon his travels in Syria, Arabia and Egypt, and especially on Jerusalem and the holy places around it. The lectures to be illustrated by views and diagrams. The lectures ought to be interesting in a high degree.

FRENCH LACES:—Some 200,000 women, in France, gain employment by the manufacture of laces. They are all hand-made—that is, with bobbins, upon a small, portable cushion—except at Alencon, where the needle is employed, and the work done on parchment. The different appellations given to them are derived from the district in which they are made—Bayeux, Chantilly, Lille, Arras, Mirecourt, DuPay, Boilleuil, Alencon; and, although made in the same way, they are instantly recognized by the peculiar style of the district.

A "CHRISTIAN GROCERY."—A man in Lockport, N. Y., has opened a "Christian grocery." He states, in explanation of this singular heading, that he has opened a shop for the dispensation of a "little wine," and other kinds of spirits, "for the stomach's sake," and that, as he wished to make it a Christian shop, and wished to accommodate Christian customers, he would take for his pay, considering the hard times, all kinds religious books, tracts, &c.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
Three "	9.00	15.00	20.00
Four " (¼ col.)	12.00	20.00	26.00
Eight " (½ col.)	18.00	30.00	40.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum.....$5.00

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Notes on Literature.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's Works.

A good American edition of the works of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the most eminent English authors of the eighteenth century, is a thing that has long been desired, and the want of which has been the source of great inconvenience to American students and scholars, and is also the primary reason why this great master of English composition is not better known and more extensively read by the mass of the American people. There is scarcely an author in the whole range of English literature whose works can be read with greater benefit than his, and yet our reading public, with but few exceptions, have been denied a participation in the pleasure and profit arising from a perusal of his works, simply on the ground that no suitable edition of them has ever been published in this country. True, there have been a variety of editions of portions of some of his works published here, and some of these even bear the caption, and aspire to be the "Complete Works of Dr. Johnson," (a very gross libel by the way,) but these "editions" generally come forth under the auspices of some "enterprising house," without the slightest regard to completeness, correctness of text, or suitability of style, typographical execution, or binding.

Publishers are generally actuated by a desire to advance the public good, but we question very seriously that the publication of an incorrect, spurious edition of the works of such an author as Dr. Johnson, is of very considerable advantage to literature.

There is no precept that publishers should keep more constantly in view, in their endeavors to supply the public demands, than that the mechanical portion of a book should be in correspondence with the literary portions;—in other words, a good book should be well published. It is not an uncommon sight, in the present age, to meet with the most trashy book encased in the most beautiful cover, and some of the most sterling and valuable books printed in such small, obscure type, and so miserably bound, as to render them unreadable, and even to reflect discredit upon the merits of the composition. These are evils of a very serious character, and should be frowned upon and discountenanced by every lover of literature, and admirer of good printing. By these masks worthless books find their way into places, and exert their baleful influences upon minds, for which they are entirely unworthy, and works of worth and merit are suffered to lie unread in obscure places, and their counsels unheard.

These evils have been so glaringly apparent that publishers perceive them, and have come to lament their existence. Not only is it a desire on their part, for the advancement of a wholesome literature, but it is immeasurably to their interest, pecuniarily speaking, to have these evils remedied. The public mind will sooner or later become disgusted with light fictitious works; and seek improvement by consulting the works of authors of standard value; and in order to meet this demand for standard works, publishers must have them in suitable style of binding and typographical execution. The mind that appreciates a good book, will not be content with having that book shabbily printed and bound; it desires to have a gem or a noble truth in a becoming case. And further than this, in this enlightened age, there is no necessity for sending a work of sterling value forth into the world in an unbecoming style. The difference in the cost is but trifling, and the person that will read at all and read understandingly, will cheerfully pay that small difference, and regard it as money well laid out, when he considers the real difference in the worth of the article he purchases. A person purchasing a good book, has a desire to preserve it for future reference; and unless it is substantially bound, he will find that it will go to rack ere he has learned a tenth of its contents. Latterly, in procuring books for my library, I invariably give the mechanical portion of them a critical examination, and assure myself that it is at least well printed and substantially bound, before I take it. Experience has demonstrated to me the necessity of this rule. I do not wish to destroy my eyes in endeavoring to decipher bad typography, for the sake of saving a few shillings, when better can be got; I had much rather have a smaller number of volumes, and have good ones, in all respects, for the same money, than to collect a mass of unreadable books;—and I believe that I but utter the sentiments of a majority of readers in so saying.

I have been led to make these desultory remarks by examining the two volumes just issued by Messrs. DERBY & JACKSON, of their new and complete edition of the works of DR. JOHNSON. These two volumes,—being the first of the series of six volumes, in which the works of the Doctor are to be comprised,—contain "The Lives of the Poets," the last, and emphatically the greatest of that eminent author's contributions to literature. This great work alone will render the name of Dr. Johnson immortal. It stands the first of the first rank of its kind.

What I have said in relation to the printing of good books, is more than realized in the style in which this work, and in fact, in which the whole series of the "British Classics," now in course of publication by *Messrs. Derby & Jackson*, appears. Neatness, elegance, taste, beauty, utility, substantiality, worth, cheapness, are all combined in this work and in this series of publications. The sagacity of the critic, the taste of the artist, and the world-saving policy of the utilitarian combined, could scarcely excel this work. It reflects great credit upon the skill of the printer and binder, and upon the excellent judgment and magnanimity of the publishers. It is beautiful but not gaudy, valuable and yet cheap. No one can complain of the price, nor be other than pleased with the many good qualities combined therein.

I understand that these two volumes are to be speedily followed by the remainder of the edition, which will include "Rasselas," "The Rambler," "The Idler," "A Journey to the Hebrides," "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and many other smaller articles. The whole edition will consist of six volumes, and will be one of the most valuable sets of miscellaneous works that can be placed in any man's library. As soon as the whole of this edition shall have appeared I intend to resume the subject, and give an extended criticism on the Life and Works of Dr. Johnson, which is already partly written. For the present I shall content myself by simply announcing the publication of the Doctor's works, and recommend them generally to the readers of the "Times."

And in this connection I cannot refrain from announcing another event, no less important to literature than the republication of Dr. Johnson's Works, and that is the contemplated publication, by Messrs. DERBY & JACKSON, of "THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, by Henry S. Randall, LL.D." It has been known to most of the eminent literary men of our country for some time past, that Mr. Randall was engaged in the preparation of the Life of Jefferson, but the fact has not been made public until lately—until, in fact, the work was put to press—lest rival works of inferior value, should be thrown into market, to the detriment of the author of this great national work, as also to the circulation of the work itself. I am pleased to announce that Mr. Randall's work is now running through the press, and when it shall have appeared, its eminent merits will render futile the attempt to publish a rival edition.

From my knowledge of Mr. Randall, and the many facilities and excellent opportunities he has had, in the prosecution of his task, to acquire correct and reliable information in relation to his subject, I have no hesitancy in predicting that his "Life of Jefferson" will be a work worthy of the great and good man whose noble deeds it is intended to perpetuate, worthy of the fame and abilities of its eminent author, and be the greatest contribution to our biographical literature that has been made since Irving's Life of Washington. There is no man in the country better qualified or fitted for the task of writing a good life of Jefferson than Mr. Randall. He is eminently fitted by nature and scholastic requirements to discharge the duties of Biographer to one of America's greatest men in a manner equally credible to the man, the country which is so much indebted to him, and by which his name is so affectionately revered, and our literature. This great task, which requires talents and ability of the highest order, in order to be performed in a proper manner, could not have fallen into abler hands, or have been submitted to a man that will do the subject greater justice.

The Hon. Henry S. Randall is esteemed wherever he is known for his great talents, his honor, moral rectitude, and as a zealous worker in the cause of Education, and a promoter of literature and art. By the citizens of the State of New York, in particular, there are but few men more respected, by all classes for his eminent worth, than Mr. Randall. He has been Secretary of State of the State of New York, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and has held other offices of trust and responsibility, at the hands of the citizens of his native State. Many of the greatest improvements in our system of Education, are due to the genius and noble exertions of Mr. Randall.

While we have long experienced regret at the want of a biography of Jefferson, we shall experience pleasure sufficient, in the perusal of Mr. Randall's work to compensate us for our want, of long standing. The exact time for its publication is not announced, but it will be, ere long. It is to be published in three 8vo. volumes (by subscription) and will be sent free of postage to any part of the U. S. within 3,000 miles for $2.50 per volume, on receipt of the money by the publishers. I shall avail myself of the earliest opportunity, after its publication, to speak at length of its merits.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The beautiful blue and gold edition of Mrs. Browning—New Duodecimo Barnaby Rudge—The Partisan and The Scout, by Wm. Gilmore Simms—Russell's Magazine—Mrs. Horace Mann's Physiological Cook Book—Mrs. Hale's Compendium of Domestic Economy—The "Blue and Gold" Library, and New Announcements.

The Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barret Browning; including Aurora Leigh, have just been published by Messrs C. S. Francis & Co., New York, in three exquisite cabinet volumes, uniform with the dainty editions in blue and gold of the works of Leigh Hunt, Longfellow, Mrs. Jameson, and others, which we have already referred to in these columns. Among the delicate tokens of affectionate remembrance that are destined to fly, with a glad welcome on their wings, from friend to friend during this happy Christmas season, we are satisfied that these beautiful volumes will receive a very large share of favor. Nothing more appropriate from a gentleman to a lady could well be imagined; while the fitness of the gift is not, by any means, its best recommendation. The great moral worth of the writings of Mrs. Browning is beginning to be acknowledged. Slowly is the world coming round to the brilliant mind enshrined within its pale, delicate, sensitive, invalid casket, modestly shrinking from the gaze of the world, away there in Florence. The gifted genius, the large and powerful, yet truly womanly characteristics of her mind have not been burning so gloriously for years for naught, her beams now shed their light in every land, far and wide, and she is beginning to be appreciated as the great moral teacher, the peerless teacher of her sex. But these volumes will be valued for other reasons; they present the first uniform edition of Mrs. Browning's entire writings, and in a form at once the most convenient and elegant in which they have ever appeared, their delicate livery fits them for shelves that are presumed already to hold the favorite new editions of Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, and others, while the mere selfish consideration of price need scarcely be considered as the entire set is furnished at but a little more than double the price of the single poem of Aurora Leigh. It is a chance that every book-lover should avail himself of without delay.

To the new and beautiful edition, illustrated and in duodecimo, of the complete works of Charles Dickens, which we have before noticed on more than one occasion, Mr. T. B. Peterson of Philadelphia, the enterprising publisher, has just added the two volumes comprising *Barnaby Rudge*. Barnaby himself, among Dicken's great portraitures from humble life, is one of the most successful efforts of that master hand. We have always had a fancy for Barnaby and that wonderful Raven Grip, to say nothing of Dolly Varden, and the beautiful Miss Haredale. Joe Willetts, too, and the brave Sim Tappertit, are very fine delineations, considered as to their naturalness and as representatives of certain classes and positions in society, and are almost equal in power and graphicness to the immortal Sam Weller. So that if the book may not have been numbered among the really great works of Dickens by the general voice, it is one nevertheless of great power and interest, and for any other author would have made a reputation. The present beautiful edition, which out of the eighteen that Mr. Peterson publishes will doubtless be adopted as the standard one which will be selected for preservation, is illustrated with thirty-two engravings from the original designs of Cattermole and H. K. Browne, and is marked by that typographical and mechanical finish for which the entire series of eighteen volumes, thus far issued, is famed.

The Scout, or the Black Riders of the Congaree, and *The Partisan*, a Tale of the Revolution, are two of the volumes, in a uniform edition, of the works of William Gilmore Simms which J. S. Redfield, Esq., New York, (Mr. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia) has for some time past been engaged in publishing. At this late day it is unnecessary to say a word to Southern readers in praise of these long established favorites, both of which enjoy a fame not excelled by any others of the author's productions, or indeed by any other romances yet produced from the pregnant incidents furnished by our Revolutionary struggles in the South. Mr. Simms, better than any other man, is qualified for the task of elucidating and keeping afresh in our minds the events of those memorable days, and to Mr. Redfield are we nearly alike indebted for the admirable manner in which he has done his part. The Damsel of Darien, a Romance of the Pacific Coast; and Martin Faber, Mr. Redfield's edition in his uniform series, will be added to the number early in the year, together with an entirely new Southern Romance, Shepherd Jocelyn, a Tale of the Georgia Loyalists. But for the financial panic, and the consequent stagnation of the book trade, the latter volume and the former would ere this have been published.

The last number of *Russel's Magazine* shows a vigorous prosecution of the work determined upon in the management of this excellent serial. There is no retrograde movement in the character of the editorial and the miscellaneous matter of the number, while in some of the more pretentious articles we fancy we can trace a vastly improving spirit, and a more thoroughly informed comprehensiveness. We trust that the South is largely patronizing this most excellent exponent of their literature, though we fear from an article, a part of an article, in a recent number that it is not receiving that encouragement which is absolutely necessary for its continuation in that healthy, vigorous condition that has thus far marked its progress. This should not be; and now, at the commencement of the new year when subscriptions to this and that periodical are being renewed, let every southern man secure a magazine devoted to his interests—after the favorite "Times"—and let that magazine be "Russell's." They will thereby gain infinitely themselves, and place a magazine that would be a credit to any country at once beyond the reach of want.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, have just issued in a thin, cheap 16 mo. volume, a singular work entitled *Christianity in the Kitchen*, or a Physiological Cook Book, by Mrs. Horace Mann. The author's purpose is to show the connection that exists between body and mind, the dangerous influence of unnatural stimulants and injurious, indigestive food, the impossibility of a sound, christian mind existing under such an influence, and the folly and crime of living from day to day in such a state. The author's views are broad and to the purpose, and the little manual throws new light upon the important subject which it treats. The hints on the preparation of sound, wholesome food are invaluable.

Another useful work on Domestic Economy is a thick duodecimo volume of nearly 800 pages, from the press of T. B. Peterson, Esq., Philadelphia, entitled *Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's Four thousand five hundred Receipts and Facts for the Million*, embracing a remarkable amount of useful information on every subject that can possibly interest a housekeeper. It will form a most excellent holyday present for a beginner in the art.

The different volumes of the "blue and gold" series of books are being used this season to a very great extent for Christmas presents. Their great beauty, cheapness and convenience of form claiming for them a good share of popular favor. Twenty volumes have been published, as follows: by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Longfellow, Whittier, and Leigh Hunt, each in two volumes—Tennyson and Massey, each in one, beside three of Mrs. Jameson's books: by Messrs. Francis & Co., the three volumes of Mrs. Browning herein before noticed: by Little, Brown & Co., She ley in two volumes, and Campbell in one: by Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Bulwer and Chas. Swain, each in one; and by Sanborn, Carter & Co, the poem of Festus in one volume. About a dozen other volumes in the same form have been issued by other publishers, but not having seen them we cannot recommend them. One, at least, we could never recommend—the wretched "Fern" sketches.

Messrs. Jno. Murphy & Co, Baltimore, have in press one of Conscience's beautiful tales, and Chateaubriand's Genius of Christianity. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have in press, volumes by the author of School Days at Rugby, by Mayne Reid, Mrs. Jameson, Grace Greenwood, etc. Mr. J. S. Redfield has in press The Ballads of Scotland, by Aytown, and The Bentley Ballads, and History of Court Fools, by Dr. Doran.

WARRENTON FEMALE COLLEGE:—We learn from the News, that the semi-annual examination of the pupils of this institution, took place on 15th and 16th. The exercises gave universal satisfaction and we can truly say, there was a degree of proficiency, exhibited by the pupils, in their several studies, which gives unerring testimony of the abilities and efficiency of Mr. Parham and his accomplished assistants. The Concert on Tuesday night was excellent. The entire musical department displays careful and judicious training, and reflects much credit on Professor C. H. Kehr, to whose superintendence it is entrusted.

THE BUSY WORLD.

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Dec. 14. In the Senate, Mr. Evans, of S. C., announced the death, during the recess, of his late colleague, Mr. Butler. Messrs. Evans, Mason, Pugh, Clay, & Cameron delivered appropriate obituary Addresses, and as a mark of respect to the deceased, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the standing committees were announced.

Pending the consideration of a proposition by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, to introduce a bill appropriating public lands, to be apportioned among such States and Territories as shall establish colleges for the promotion of agriculture and the mechanic arts, a message was received from the Senate announcing its adjournment on the announcement of the death of Senator Butler.

Messrs. Boyd, of S. C., Stephens, of Ga., Harris, of Ill., and Goode, of Va., paid feeling tributes to the high mental attainments and pleasing social qualities of the lamented dead, and the House then adjourned.

TUESDAY. In the Senate, the death of Mr. Bell, of New Hampshire, was announced, and after appropriate eulogies by Messrs. Hale, Fessenden and Seward the Senate adjourned. The House also adjourned, after addresses by Messrs. Tappan, Colfax and Washburn.

WEDNESDAY. The Senate spent most of the day in debating upon the nominations for the Standing committies. The nominees were made in a Democratic caucus, and were all elected.

The House met at 12 o'clock in the new Hall. After drawing for seats, memorials were presented contesting the seats of Mr. Fenner Ferguson, Delegate from Nebraska, and Messrs. Harris and Davis of Maryland.

THURSDAY, Mr. Gwin, in the Senate, presented a memorial and bill for the establishment of the Territory of Arizona; also, a bill for the construction of the Pacific Railroad. The special committee on the letter of Mr. Hunter, reported a bill authorising the issue of twenty millions of dollars in treasury notes of less denomination than twenty dollars, to be redeemed yearly from date, bearing interest. Its consideration was postponed until to-morrow. Mr. Harris was elected printer.

In the House, usual eulogies, consequent upon the death of Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, were delivered.

FRIDAY. The Hon. J. C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States, arrived in Washington in time to preside in the Senate to-day. Mr. Douglas introduced a bill in reference to the admission of Kansas. As in former sessions, Kansas seems to be the prominent topic for Speech-making. The loan bill of yesterday was further discussed, but was interrupted by the announcement of a message from the House of Representatives, communicating the proceedings of the House in relation to the death of Mr. Montgomery, a member elect. Appropriate resolutions were submitted by Mr. Bigler, and adopted by the Senate.

The House, after discussing the propriety of appointing a committee to investigate the accounts of the out-going Clerk, charges having been made of embezzlement, resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the State of the Union. A bill, reported to the Committee of the Whole from the Committee of Ways and Means, was read, authorizing the issue of Treasury notes, to such an amount as, in the opinion of the Secretary, the exigency of the public service may require, not exceeding $20,000,000, such notes to bear interest, which shall not exceed six per centum per annum, and to be paid, with interest due, on presentation at the Treasury.

The necessity for this bill was seriously questioned by several members and without coming to any conclusion, the House adjourned.

SATURDAY. Both the Senate and the House spent the day in discussing the Loan Bill, without making any decision.

LETTER FROM PORTUGAL.—In a letter from Lisbon, dated November, 7th, there is the following interesting account of a recent epidemic there, and the heroic conduct of the King, Pedro II., in the distressing circumstances:

On the young King's birth-day, September 16, first broke out a pestilence which has since stricken thousands of the inhabitants. Some call it yellow fever, some typhus; and it is probably a mixture of the two, and has been very fatal. There is something very insidious in its nature, it advances to the various quarters of the town so slowly and surely, and carries off its victims so swiftly. The portuguese are a timid nation, and over a hundred thousand persons have left the city. Cintra and the adjacent villages are full to overflowing, and there is scarcely a person of society in town. It is sad to go into the city, it is so silent and deserted; the shops are closed, business is suspended, and one meets only funerals, and litters carrying the sick to the hospitals.

The young King has behaved most nobly. He had gone to one of his country palaces for a month, but upon hearing of the appearance of the fever he immediately returned, and since then has done all that he could. The physicians pronounce the disease contagious, but he has never hesitated in the path of duty, though implored by his old counselors, with tears in their eyes, not to risk his life. He visits the hospitals at all hours, and cheers the sick and dying with his own sweet smile. It is very touching to see him going about, so young in years, with all the care and anxiety of a father for his people. One of his aunts said to a Portuguese lady of our acquaintance, "Poor boy! he is heart broken; he goes to his room, and I believe it is to weep."

For Portugal, such a cypher among the nations, to have yielded such a flower of majesty, is indeed, a wonder and a portent.

FROM UTAH.—News from Utah to the 7th October reaches us by way of California. The attitude of the Mormons is peculiarly threatening. Brigham Young, in a series of discourses delivered before large audiences of the Saints in Salt Lake City, had distinctly avowed his determination to destroy provisions and forage and lay the Territory waste rather than permit the entrance of the troops. The faint-hearted among the Mormons are warned to leave under penalty of death if they attempt to thwart the ends of the leaders. Brigham's programme appear to be endorsed to the fullest extent by Heber Kimball, John Taylor and others among the prominent men in Utah.

A DIFFICULTY WITH CHILI.—Important dispatches have been received by the Department at Washington, from the United States Legation in Chili. An American ship, the Sportsman, was loading at a port which was claimed by Bolivia, with a Bolivian custom house officer on board. She was seized by a Chilian fifty gun frigate and taken into Coldera as a prize. After some delay, the Chilian authorities released the vessel. The Captain of the Sportsman complained to Frederick A. Beeler, the U. S. Charge d'Affairs, in the absence of Gen. Bigler, our Minister, and he promptly demanded an apology and the payment of a hundred dollars a day for the detention of the ship. The Chilian government refused. Gen. Bigler, upon his arrival, sustained the course of Mr. Beeler, but no settlement has yet been made. The executive government of the United States, it is said, will sustain and enforce the demand.

FROM INDIA.—Later accounts from India say that the fugitive insurgents from Delhi had been defeated at all points. Lucknow was safe, and strong reinforcements were near. The British Government will now assume the control of India.

General Havelock would have 7,000 troops at Lucknow by the end of October.

Fifteen ships, with troops to the number of six thousand men, had reached the Indian ports from England.

The mutineers had been defeated at Agra, with a loss of forty-three guns and a great amount of treasure, and one thousand men killed.

Gen. Havelock was still safe at Lucknow, though the enemy were in great force in the vicinity.

The King of Delhi was to be tried by a military commission. Two more of his sons had been shot.

WILMINGTON ELECTION.—The election for Commissioners took place on the 17th, and resulted in the election of Jno. Dawson, Col. Jno. MacRae, G. W. Davis, A. Martin, W. A. Wright, S. D. Wallace, T. C. Miller.

The *Herald* says "the gentlemen elected are known to be some of our best citizens, who have served the town in the same capacity in former years, and who have therefore all the benefits of experience to lighten their labors. They are all business men, well acquainted with the present position of the affairs of the town, and competent to make any and all such arrangements as may be necessary for the due administration of its concerns.

MURDERED BY A SLAVE.—Thomas N. Hobb, a planter living near Macon, Ga., was killed by one of his slaves last week, while endeavoring to chastise him. The negro, who was without legs, caught his master as he leaned over to tie him, and stabbed him so seriously that he died in a few hours.

ALABAMA STATE BONDS.—Joint resolutions, more effectually to provide for the redemption of the State Bonds due on the 1st of January, 1858, have passed the Legislature of Alabama.

COMBINATION AMONG HOG DEALERS.—The hog drovers in Columbus, Ga., have entered into a combination not to sell their hogs at a less price than ten cents nett, and that unless they can obtain that price for them, they will bacon them up, and run the risk of the bacon market next summer. Literally a swinish combination.

CLERICAL.—Rev. Wm. E. Baker, of Ga., has been invited to become the pastor of the Presbyterian church, in Staunton, Va.

GEORGIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.—A bill, authorizing the purchase of the Georgia Military Institute by the State, has passed the House of Representatives of Ga.

JUMPED OVERBOARD.—The Memphis *Enquirer* says the wife of Dr. Wheatly jumped overboard from the burning steamer *Rainbow*, with $25,000 in gold secured on her person, but never rose to the surface.

BANKS IN ST. LOUIS.—The directors of the City Bank of St. Louis, which was incorporated with a capital of $2,000,000, have voted to surrender their charter. The Bank of St. Louis, whose charter allows of an extension of the capital of $1,000,000, will, it is understood, go into operation without much further delay.

APPOINTMENT.—It is stated that Theodore Sedgwick has been appointed United States District Attorney for New York, in place of John McKeon, removed.

NEW OFFICES:—The Post Master General has established a new post office in Randolph county, by the name of Cheek's Mills, and appointed Josiah Cheek P. M. Also, one in Chatham county, by the name of Fall Cheek P. O., and appointed John A. Brewer P. M.

BURNT TO DEATH.—Mrs. Ann C. Price, wife of Patrick Price, of Savannah, was burnt to death on Friday night last, by her clothes taking fire.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC STATES.—We have received two weeks later news from the South Pacific States. The Convention, in session at Lima, had been violently dispersed by the military, on the supposition that they intended to depose President Castilla, who was still in the South fighting Vivanco. It was generally believed that Lima was on the eve of an outbreak. In Bolivia the revolution has been completely successful. Chili alone enjoys tranquility, and seems to have surmounted the difficulties that at one time threatened her peace.

MISSOURI:—The St. Louis Republican states that the money for the payment of the interest on the public debt of the State of Missouri is already provided, and that the announciation of this fact may be expected in New York within a day or two.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—The last Charleston Mercury comes in mourning for the death of one of its editors, John Milton Clapp, Esq., who had for upwards of twenty years been connected with the management of that paper. He is said to have been a gentleman of fine talents and high accomplishments.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS.—In North Carolina fourteen mountain peaks exceed in hight Mount Washington. Their range of altitude is from 6318 to some 6301 feet.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Dec 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 50@0.00 Meal 50@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 15; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@0.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 50@ ; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@000; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@ ; Rice 5@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 12½@14, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Dec. 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon, hoground 17 @, western sides 16@17, western shoulders 14@15, hams 15@14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 26@27; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 90@1.00; Cotton 10¾@00; Coffee, rio 11¼@12, laguna 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 6.00@0.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $65, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 80@000.; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 35@40; Mackerel, no2. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@ ; Oats 65@00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 98@00, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 41-00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.30@0.00, hard 1.30@0.00; Tar 1.10@0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.15@000

NORFOLK MARKET Dec 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 16@20, hoground 16@17, western sides 11@12; shoulders 11@12; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 22@26; Beeswax 25@28; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 50@50, mixed 95@.98 yellow 55@60; Coffee, rio 10½@12½, laguira 14@14½; Candles, adamantine 20@24; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb, 1.87@1.87, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb, 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 6.25@0.00, superfine 6.00@0.00 extra 6.75@0.00, family 7.00@7.50; Flaxseed 1.20@0.00; Guano, ₱ ton 60.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 17@18; Lime 1.10@1.30; Molasses 30@40; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1.05@1.10, slown 1.60@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@13, crushed 12½@0.00, W. India 8½@11; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 6.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 30.00@21.00, H. O. hhd. 47.00@00.00, do heading 50.00@00.00; Soap, brown 4½@5, yellow 4½@6½; Wheat, red 1.00@1.00, white 1.15@1.25; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50a8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75a4.50.

REMARKS.—Flour is now arriving freely from N. C., with sales at quotations, but lower prices must be looked for. Corn—receipts are large, and will probably continue so, until a mass, they will then be light for a week or ten days. Sales are now freely made at prices quoted. Peas, Black Eye, Flaxseed, Beeswax, Dried Apples, &c., sell at quotations.

Business Cards.

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

K. M. MURCHISON,
Commission Merchant,
No. 104 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.
USUAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS.
(102::6m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

DR. WM. C. SMITH, HAVING located in Greensboro, will attend all calls in town or country. He may be found at all times at his office, adjoining R. G. Lindsay's Store, formerly occupied by Dr. Freeman.
(92::3m)

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, DEALER in Books, Stationery, Music, Magazines and Newspapers.
☞ AGENT at the North for the Greens

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN. C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1858.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....$ 2.00
6 Copies " 10.00
10 " " 15.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

THE NEW VOLUME.

Perhaps a few words of introduction in the first number of the new volume may not be inappropriate; yet it will not be necessary to occupy much space, as we wish the *Times* to stand upon its own merits and speak for itself. We take pleasure in stating, however, that after much labor and expense, we have succeeded in making arrangements by which we can present our readers with a paper far more attractive and entertaining than heretofore published.

It will be perceived that for the new year we appear in an entirely new dress. Our vignette, we think, will meet with universal praise, as it is decidedly the most appropriate and beautiful heading of any paper published in America. For the design we are indebted to Prof. Frerisch, of Greensboro F. College, and one of the first artists in the country. Literature, History, Science, Art, Education, Agriculture, Pleasure, Peace and Plenty are all beautifully designed; and the American Eagle, as a faithful guardian of Liberty, scans with a piercing eye, our whole interests from sea-shore to mountain-top.

Our types were copper-faced expressly for the new volume, and it will be found by examination that the reading is clearer, more distinct, and yet it has been so compressed as to admit 30 lines more in a column than heretofore. This is more than equivalent to 4 additional columns, without increasing the size of the paper and rendering it unwieldly. All this is added without extra charge, because we are determined to improve as we grow older, and keep pace with the increasing demands of the age. The *Times* shall have no superior! It shall receive our unwearied efforts to make it the paper of the South. And to this end we employ a larger number and better writers than any other paper. Without taking time to name them, we refer the reader to their articles in this paper and in all that are to come during the year.

☞ PRIZES! PRIZES!! ☜

The Publishers of the Times will give a Prize of $40 for the best original story of not less than twenty columns. And for the second best, they will give a Prize of $20. To give competitors time, we will delay the decision until the 20th of January, and manuscripts received up to that date will be entitled to a trial for the premiums. Competent and disinterested judges will make the decision. All manuscripts will be at the disposal of the publishers after the judges have awarded the Premiums.

Competitors must mail their manuscripts to "The Times" marked "Prize," and enclose their address in a sealed envelope.

P. S. Should the Publishers deem any Story, not awarded a premium, worthy of publication, they will refund the author all the expense of postage &c.

POST MASTERS:—We know of no class of officials more necessary to the convenience of every neighborhood and village, than the Post-master; and yet few men are less appreciated. We wish, therefore to make them a liberal offer—We will send the *Times* free for one year to every Post Master who will send us three new subscribers by the first of February. There is not a single office in this State, or any of the sister states, that could not easily meet this liberal offer.

CLUBS:—We furnish the Times to clubs at a very low price: six copies $10, ten copies $15. Only 1.50 a copy for one year. For the assistance of those who are forming clubs, we will send copies of our "extra," containing the Prospectus and a few notices of the press. We hope our old friends will furnish us with many Christmas presents and New year's gifts in the shape of clubs; and thus encourage the efforts being made to furnish the South with a Literary and Family paper worthy of so goodly a land. The favors shall never be forgotten.

CHESAPEAKE FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Rev. Chas. A. Raymond has been elected President of the Chesapeake Female College—located near Old Point, Va.—Mr. R. is from South Carolina, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

A Talk with Time at the Close of the Year.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Time, old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage doth pass away,
Come, sit by my hearth, ere the embers fail,—
And hang the scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale 'neath this wintry sky [by.
Of the deeds thou hast done as its months swept

"I have cradled the babe in the church yard wide;
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride;
I have cloven a path through the Ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk to return no more:
I have humbled the strong with their dauntless brenst,
And laid the old with his staff to rest.

"I have loosen'd the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy grew rank and bright;
I have startled the maid in her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white mid her tresses brown;
I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scatter'd the hoard of the miser's gold."

"Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone
On the riven heart and the burial-stone?"
"No, Love's young chain I have twined with flowers, [ers;
Have awaken'd a song in the rose crown'd bow-
Proud trophies have rear'd to the sons of fame,
And paved the road for the cars of flame.

"Look to your child, it hath learn'd of me
The word that it lisps at the mother's knee;
Look to the sage, who from me hath caught
Intenser fire for his heavenward thought;
Look to the saint, who hath nearer trod
Toword the angel hosts near the Throne of God.

"I have planted seeds in the soul, that bear
The fruits of heaven in a world of care;
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright
As the diamond drop in the realms of light:
Question thy heart, hath it e'er confest
A germ so pure, or a tear so blest?"

But the clock struck twelve from the steeple gray
And he seized his hour-glass, and strode away;
Yet his hand at parting I fear'd to clasp,
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye
His secret league with Eternity.

PRIVATE CORNER.

For several weeks we have been denied the pleasant little private communings in the "Corner," with our favorite correspondents. Some of you have been inclined to complain, thinking it was purely negligence with us. But we are incapable of neglectful treatment toward our special friends, and it now affords us much pleasure to find that we are once again cozily seated in the "Corner" ready for a chat this Christmas eve.

MRS. L. H. S: We have written you a private letter, thanking you for your favors, which we hope you received.....REV B. F. L., Miss.: We are under many obligations for the kind expressions of your letter, and we hope to make the Times fully worthy the sympathy you express. The prosecution of the work proposed will no doubt be mutually beneficial.....G. W. C.: The Notes are decidedly excellent.—The style is so pure, and every word so completely fits its place, and every sentence flows so easily into the next, we are at a loss to stop, even when we get to the end. And but for the great variety which we always strive to give our readers, we would wish no end.....FINLEY J.: The poem "Our Alice; a life sketch," is beautiful and touches the heart. Though not in time for this week, it will *keep*.....CLAUDE: Sorry your letter was not in time to comply with your request. The paper had gone to press, but you shall have a hearing in the next.....J. S H.: The change in the arrangement of your 'Gossip' is for good. And we think the subject-matter has also improved. That is right—ever onward—never tread the same path. We will write you the first leisure moment.....MRS. C. H.: Your poems are received. Much obliged for your "ten thousand blessings," and may they not fall on stony ground.....E. S.: Pardon us for not having sufficient leisure at our command just now to prepare your manuscripts for the press. They bear good thoughts, excellent, but the diction won't support them.....PONINGOE: Glad to hear from you again. The spiciness of your letters makes them readable at all times; and moreover, it is impossible for one to judge correctly of the state of affairs in such a city by little paragraphs in the daily papers. A spicy, instructive letter, short but comprehensive, is just what our people like. We accept of your offer with pleasure.....Manuscrips received from Farmington and Bridgeport.

SPECIMEN COPIES:—We are receiving letters every day from nearly all the Southern States, requesting specimen copies of the Times. As these letters cost in the aggregate much trouble and money, we have taken time by the forelock and printed off a large number of extra copies of this number for distribution during the Christmas holydays. We hope every person receiving a copy will be sufficiently pleased with the paper and its design as to send us their name as a subscriber, and also to show the paper to their friends. This last request will not be much trouble, and may do good both to us and their friends. Now is the most favorable opportunity.

AGENTS WANTED:—We would like to have a good agent in every county to solicit subscriptions to the Times. We believe it would be a good business and pay well. Let such as receive this paper and would like to act, give it a trial and see how many subscribers they can get in one week. We offer liberal inducements and have issued an "extra" with a prospectus for such as wish to solicit subscribers.

PRICE OF PORK:—As yet very few hogs have been driven to this market. It is thought, we believe, by those conversant in the matter, that Pork will be worth $8. But higher prices are being asked by sellers. The Raleigh *Standard* of Saturday 19th, says some thirty thousand pounds of pork were engaged to be delived in that market at $8.

Leisure Reading;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

The beginning of a new year! So much like the first step in life, when we vainly strive to look into the future, and *wander* what its dark misty curtains infoldeth for us. The address by Moody B. Smith, Esqr., of Wilmington, delivered last Summer before the Societies of Davidson College, contains a paragraph very expressive, and just now very appropriate, on

Beginning Life.

You are now preparing for the voyage of life; a voyage from which there is no escape; a voyage from which there is no return; a voyage which carries you to "that country from whose bourne no traveller returns." And when you have once set forth, there will be no returning to port for supplies. No returning to mend or renew your sails, to strengthen your cables or anchors, or obtain a compass your improvidence had forgotten The tide runs but one way. The wind blows but one way. As you launch your boat, onward you must go, conquering the tempests and storms that meet you, or sinking beneath the wave. I have started that voyage a little before you. I have had a little experience in its navigation. I have seen many launch their boats and give their sails gaily to the breeze. I have seen many sink at the first breath of the tempest, whilst I have seen a few, by their providence and courage, out-sail all competitors, and out-ride all tempests.

Having alluded briefly to the great importance of being fully ready to step upon the "life-boat;" the speaker suggests that man being made after the image of God, with a spark from Infinite Intelligence as his chief characteristic, must, for his own amelioration and elevation, develope this principle. Hence comes the

Province of the Scholar.

Whilst mankind were scattered over the globe in families and tribes, obtaining a scanty subsistence from the uncultivated earth, maintaining their rights by the force of their own rude arm, and direfully revenging their real and supposed wrongs at their own will, the scholar was planning the formation of society, the cultivation of the earth, the maintenance of equal rights and the redress of wrongs to all.

Whilst the majority of mankind were passing on in one uniform and unvarying round—coming into life, toiling and dying—looking to the heavens as a great and unfathomable mystery, and to the deep with superstitious awe, the scholar was laying off and measuring the heavens, weighing the stars, and sounding the ocean.

Whilst all others were content to toil on in their accustomed way, ignorant that the little space bounded by their own vision was not the whole earth, and thinking that all but themselves were barbarians, the scholar was learning and knowing that which no eye could see, discovering new continents, bringing to light new nations; and onward, still onward was his career, 'till distant cities are now neighbors; men talk to each other from nation to nation, from zone to zone, and the world is lightened of half its toil. The scholar's labor ends not here; his glory rests not here. In sickness we look to him for health. He alone can chase away the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. He stands at the forum and advocates the redress of wrong. He sits upon the bench and administers justice. He stands forth in the senate counselling wisdom. He stands at the helm of state and guides the nation o'er the quick-sands of passion, prejudice and corruption. He leads our armies to battle. He hands down to us the light, the civilization, the greatness and glory of other ages. From his closet comes forth a song, caught by every breeze and wafted to every land. From his closet comes forth a melody, which charms, and is echoed from generation to generation. To his hands are committed the oracles of God, and the scholar becomes the humble instrument of teaching to man salvation and immortality. In our age, the great fruit of the scholar's labor is freedom. Freedom to the mind, freedom to the will, freedom to the whole life. It frees man from superstition. It stops the rolling of Juggernaut. It stops human sacrifices. It takes the sword from the tyrant, and gives the wronged redress. The power of tyrants is the arm of man—the man oppressed. Let him know it, and he is free. Do you suppose the people of France, whom Louis the Fourteenth ruled so tyrannically, knew their slavery, and that the tyrant's power for oppression was themselves? No more than the ox led to the slaughter knows how much greater is his strength than his owner's, and that one thrust of his horn would set him free. Let the people know their power and the people of France of the seventeenth century become the people of France of the nineteenth century, Louis the Fourteenth becomes Louis Napoleon, a ruler executing the will of the nation. France has been changed, and it was the scholar that did it.

The career of the successful scholar leads to honor and glory; but by many who strive the goal is never found; their brow is never wreathed with the green Laurel. This brings us to consider—

Why not successful?

Sometimes a cause of failure is want of pecuniary means to success. Occasionally a strong and noble intellect springs forth surrounded by adversity. He feels his power; ambition moves him; he obtains an education and enters a profession, but covered with debt and responsibilities. He makes an unfortunate location for immediate wants. Older and experienced men pre-occupy the field; his competitors turn coldly from him; creditors press him; he becomes miserable—becomes discouraged. His ambition is chilled. It sickens and dies within him. He fails; he falls like the flower that springs forth upon a rock, and dies ere its roots can reach the soil.

"Chill penury repressed the noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

There is no nobler wreck than that of high hopes and aspirations. The miser rolls up his gains by oppression. He becomes rich by taking advantage of the necessity of others. At last an unlucky speculation wrecks him, but who cares?—Nobody loses, and the world gains. The politician, hunting for place, stakes his all upon the cast. He fails, but who cares? His falsehood and deception are at an end, and the world is no loser. But it is not so when the high hopes of a noble and intellectual mind are blasted. The world is the loser, not the possessor. It loses intellectual usefulness. It loses moral worth. It loses a light that shines upon our path, not for reward, but, like the sun, to fulfil its glorious destiny.

But the main causes of failure lie in the Scholar himself. And the first ruinous notion of many is a reliance upon genius.

What genius is, how it acts, or in what way it accomplishes greatness, they do not trouble themselves to enquire. They give it an entity, and they add not very definite, but extraordinary and powerful qualities. They imagine they have seen some evidences of its existence in themselves, at least they hope they are possessed with that spirit. They therefore choose that profession or career in which they wish to startle mankind, sit down and wait for its developement. How long they wait depends very much upon their stock of perseverance, and funds. Let me warn you to beware of genius. It will deceive you. It will lull you into fancied and fatal security. It will carry you boastingly into battle, but desert you at the first wound. It has the voice of the syren; and, whilst you listen to its music, you lose your voyage.

But with all the knowledge of a profession, gained by years of toil, success is not therefore certain. There is a necessity for understanding the laws of "Human Nature."

The scholar's field of labor is with men. His success depends upon his influence with men. Is he a teacher, his labor is with mankind. Is he a physician, his patients are men. Is he a lawyer, the Judge is a man, the jury are men, his clients are men; and holiness and knowledge are not always sufficient for a successful divine. Yet there is no science, there is no book, that can tell you what men are. You can learn principles of mental philosophy, you can learn physiology and anatomy, you can see well-drawn and natural characters in Shakspeare, Schiller or Fielding; yet all you can gather from these sources are as a sand upon the sea shore to what you must acquire by the actual, if not sad experience of real life. You see thousands assembled, and not two are alike in feature; and their minds are as various as their features. Fame influences one, avarice another, both influence another, revenge is sweeter than all things to another; and so on with all the qualities of the mind in their endless combinations; yet to touch skillfully this instrument of such countless chords, is indispensable to success.

As a timely suggestion to both young and older, we will mention one other point—a universal error that claims a place in the sad experiance of every man.

You enter life under the care and protection of kind parents, who are more anxious than you for your welfare. You obtain your education under the instruction of those whose interest is combined with your advancement. You meet with no opposition but curbs to your passions, checcks to your ruin. The world smiles upon you. All seem friends. Your aspirations are high, your hopes are strong; you paint life a career of success where all aid and all admire you. This is all you have felt of life when you commence your career. What a change meets you! Your life is now a contest; your gain is another's loss; your rise is another's fall. You aim at the highest round, but you must displace the occupant. You find nine-tenths of those with whom you come in competition, as cold and as merciless as the unfeeling sword or battle-axe. Disappointment, disgust and failure often follow.

All errors can be corrected, though all will not be. To correct this last is more the province of the older than of the young, for the latter have a right to expect encouragement, and it is the duty of the former to give it. We conclude these reflections, and shall next week consider how to gain success and how to use it.

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

City Life Improving—Horace Greely, Lecturer—A young Poetical Star—A March Wind—Trouble among the Politicians—The New Year, &c., &c.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1857.

DEAR TIMES:—We "Yorkers" just now are remarkably quiet. Murders have become again rather *in*-frequent and highway-robbery is almost a dead letter—thanks to the stars which preside over the destinies of this modern Sodom. Everything—in spite of the panic which has given many of our bulls and bears the "shakes"—is going along in a very smooth channel; and, although dollars and dimes are not as abundant among the poor as they should be, yet, after all, I do not think there is so much suffering in our midst as there was three years ago, when we had a "soup house" on almost every block. There is, however, *enough* privation among the laboring classes, for whom I trust, and believe, the next spring will bring many and rich favors.

Horace Greely—the veritable and inimitable—who hasn't heard of him, in some way or another?—delivered a lecture one evening last week at Clinton Hall on "Poetry and Poets." The performance, although disconnected and desultory, was, after all, *rich*. The lecturer cut off the poetical heads of Homer, Horace, Juvenal, Virgil, Spenser, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and a host of others, and having concluded his address, left the audience to infer that, in spite of all the goose-quills, ink and paper that have been used up since the days of Job, there isn't but very little genuine poetry in the world. Evidently when Horace (the younger) is talking about Bards and their writings he is out of his proper element, which is writing essays upon Agriculture and telling the readers of the *Tribune* all about the rivers of *free* blood which are running over the fertile soil of poor, persecuted and ill-fated (?) Kansas. That he is not a great lover of poetry and of song is plain, and being such, of course, his criticism upon *poetry* amounts to nothing.

Of course you have read—for who in the newspaper business hasn't?—the charming and satiric poem, called "Nothing to Wear." The author, Mr. William Allen Butler, son of Hon. B. F. Butler, is a young lawyer of this city, of the firm of Barney, Humphrey & Butler, and has an office in Trinity Buildings just north of Trinity Church. Since the publication of "Nothing to Wear," he has received a number of appointments to deliver poems next year at the College Anniversaries, and his reputation as a poet it would seem is now firmly established. In writing "Nothing to Wear" he has certainly knocked a good many Flora McFlimseys in the head and brought them to their senses. Two or three more such blows from the same source will work a great deal of good among the *ton*—among those who suffer their love for display, to preponderate over their good sense.

To-day is a half-mild, half-severe day; so far as the weather goes. The sun is out in all his glory, but the wind comes sweeping ruthlessly down the street, striking the pedestrians rudely in the face and turning the tips of their noses quite red. It is one of those days which we expect to have in March, but which in December seems quite unseasonable. However, what can't be cured must be endured, and so while the wind blows chilly without we'll gather around the stove within and luxuriate over our cigars and books.

The removal of John McKeon, Esq., from the office of United States District Attorney in this district, has created no little excitement among the politicians who live on their political wits in this metropolis. Some of the custom house officers who bolted and went for Tieman (rep.) against Wood (dem.) look "blue around the *gills*," as the saying is. But *sich* is life, and disappointment and removals are probably oftener met with on the road of politics than on any other.

The new year is near at hand. Soon will old '57 give in to the youthful smiles and energies of young '58. The death of the old year! It is a sweet yet, perhaps, melancholy theme to meditate upon; it bears such close application to the rise and decline of human life. We take the liberty to append a verse or two from the pen of James Nack on this subject:

How many are now in the cold grave reposing,
Who welcomed the dawn of the year that has fled?
How little, alas! did they think that its closing
Should find them inhumed in the home of the dead?

How many this year to the grave's dark dominions,
Shall hasten, who welcome its rising career,
Ere time once again on his air-feathered pinions
Shall usher the dawn of another new year.

Hoping that you, dear *Times*, will live to welcome many a future New Year, and wishing you and your readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I close this ungainly letter. PONINGOE.

Waifs from Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.

"I have come to the capitol."—*Julius Cæsar.*

Messrs. Editors: There are but three things worthy of note in the Federal Metropolis; and those are the constant themes of conversation. I must tell you: Kansas, the ladies and the weather! Perhaps I was not very gallant in placing the ladies second on the list, but a strict regard for truth must be my excuse. The Kansas difficulty is certainly the most exciting and speculative subject for debate in and out of Congress; and the ladies, whose sweet smiles are a sedative for the political excitants, come next. Did such numbers of youth and beauty ever swarm at the Capitol before? is a question one hears on every hand.

Pennsylvania Avenue, our great promenade, not second to Broadway, because of its width, is thronged daily by the gay and fashionable from all sections of the globe; while the galleries of the two Houses of Congress give evidence of Young's maxim, that

"Women were made to give our eyes delight."

I have often thought, as I sat in the House, if the Honorable members did not try to say something witty on occasions when the ladies' galleries were crowded. The result of my observations gives an affirmative answer, I am forced to confess.

As the genial sun causes the flower to bloom, so I am inclined to think, it causes the heavenly smiles of woman to appear more brilliant, playing 'mid the dimples of her rosy cheeks, like ripples running o'er a placid stream. While promenading on the Avenue, such a panorama of sweet faces passed before us, that in spite of ourself, we were quotating Otway, where he says,

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made you,
To temper man; we had been brutes without you
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you, all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness—purity and truth;
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

Our weather, (we call it ours, for we are a little selfish of it) is as lovely as we could wish. In fact, Messrs. Editors, it is too pretty to be spoiled by printer's ink; so I will not enter into a discription of it. Thompson and Spenser could only do it justice. I will pass by my three themes without further comment.

The House of Representatives, as you are doubtless aware, has moved into its new Hall. I dare not attempt a description of it. As you enter, too many gaudy colors, of "gold blue, and gold" rush in on your vision. You are left without a starting place—your eyes are dazzled by its gorgeousness; you are not wholly aware, but that the Genii of oriental days has transformed this place of legislation into one of more than fable beauty. Yet the rows of seats tell too plain that this is the new Hall, on which American ingenuity and skill has exhausted itself. You look in vain for the marble columns of the old Hall; its drapery, which gave it that air of dignity, and under whose folds a Clay, a Webster, and a Calhoun have thundered in terms of eloquence. All is a complexity of colors, a dazzling, brilliantly-reflecting surface, calculated to please the child of fancy, and disgust the admirer of art. In truth the glorious summer of the old Hall, is, in this, turned to a winter of discontent; for many of the members are displeased with it. It has been found not to possess the qualities for hearing members speak, that were awarded it before trial. However, as it is larger and more convenient, it is adapted in that respect to its intended purpose. The new Senate Chamber will not be ready for occupancy for nearly a year. It is to be an exact copy of the House Chamber with the exception of being a trifle smaller.

The first reception at the White House this winter will be an New-Year's day; According to custom the Foreign ministers and their ladies, will be received in Court dress in the morning; and at 12 o'clock the doors are thrown open to the public. There are not many of our citizens, however, who will endure the crowd for the sake of paying their respects to His Excellency. Strangers generally compose the audience. After New-Year's day, the President holds levees every Friday evening. These, as you are aware, are very fashionably and brilliantly attended.

The members of the Cabinet also keep "open house" on that day. I trust that their generosity and the custom will not be intruded on to the extent that it was last year. There are persons, who have so far forgotten the respect due to position and to themselves, as to become gormandizers at these places—rendering themselves as rediculous as possible in the eyes of decent people.

The season for parties and receptions, has also commenced among the *ton*. Most of the Foreign Legation have had brilliant receptions. Lord Napier, the British minister, first inaugurated them by giving a Musicale Soiree some few weeks since, at which Parodi and many other distinguished artistes were present.

Sir William Ouseley and family are now in the city. The former has created no little speculation in diplomatic circles, as special minister from Great Britain to Central America, while his accomplished lady (an American by birth and education) and daughter have attracted much attention both in private and public.

While society has immense attractions and private amusements, there is a dearth of public concerts and amusements of any kind in the city. However, we expect to have a theatre by Christmas, in which a high standard of the "legitimate" drama is to be performed. The only concert Hall in the city, is now being transformed into a neat and pretty theatre; for which we are indebted to Dion Bourcicault, a play-writer, and actor of much merit.

Congress will probably adjourn over during the holydays; so but little business will be transacted until after the commencement of the New-Year. We then expect that a heavy fire from both sides will be opened on the never-ending Kansas imbroglio. The trouble increases and the contestants are ever ready for action.

I cannot close without paying a feeble tribute to the eloquent speeches made by Senators Evans and Pugh on the death of the late Senator Butler, of your sister State. I have never listened to more effective and solemn eulogies than those delivered by the two Senators. Senator Pugh seemed to make us cast a lingering glance around the Senate, for the genial, intelligent countenance of he who has passed "down time's lengthening way." We were led to say with Hamlet.

"Look here upon *that* picture and on *This*,"

so perfect and appropriate were his remarks on the talents and abilities of the deceased.

Trusting that success may attend you in entering upon another volume of "The Times," I close this, my first waif from Washington, by saying as embryo correspondents usually do, more anon from.

ANGUS.

CORRECTION OF THE BIBLE.—The American Bible Society, supported by all evangelical churches, and whose object is to print and circulate the Bible, without note or comment, has undertaken to correct what it supposes to be errors in the commonly received translation. Several thousand corrections are made, some materially changing the former reading. At this course of the Society several churches, the Presbyterian and Episcopal in particular, have taken very decided exceptions, and an animated discussion has been carried on by distinguished ministers pro and con. At the last regular monthly meeting of the society, in New York, a committee of nine were appointed, to whom the whole subject of the new revision of the Bible was referred. The committee, it is expected, will report at the next meeting on the 1st of January.

FINE PAINTING.—It is stated that W. H. Aspinwall, Esq., of New York, sent home a painting the other day—a genuine Murillo—which was appraised in the Custom House at thirty-thousand dollars.

CHARLOTTE AND S. C. RAILROAD.—The Directors of this road have declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months, payable on and after the 1st of January next.

ARRIVAL.—It is stated in the California papers that W. B. Reed, United States Commissioner, arrived at Hong Kong about the 1st of September, and entered soon after upan the duties of his office.

MARRIED,

On Thursday afternoon, the 17th Dec., by Rev. W. B. Wellons, Dr. WM. A. WHITE, of Gloucester county and Miss MARTHA LIVESAY, daughter of Rev. Joshua Livesay, of Suffolk, Va.

In this county, on Monday the 21st Dec., by M. S. Sherwood, Esq., Mr. MARTIN V. TAYLOR and Miss MARY J. SCOTT, only daughter of Donnell Scott, Esq., all of Guilford.

On the evening of the 17th inst., by Rev. Jno. Stadler, Mr. ABRAHAM WALKER, of Rockingham, and Miss MARTHA, daughter of Capt. Richard Jones, of Caswell.

In Johnston county, on the 2d inst., by Rev. John F. Ellington, Mr. HENRY DUNCAN, of Dallas county, Ala., to Miss EMALINE, daughter of John Boon, Esq.

In Tuskegee, Ala., on the 3d inst., at 4 o'clock, by Rev. Wesley Rush, Col. B. F. FOSTER, of Glennville, formerly of Franklin county, N. C., to Mrs. MARTHA A. MARTIN.

In Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va., on the 10th inst., by Rev. Jno. H. Wingfield, Lieut. RICHARD H. RIDDICK, 1st Cavalry U. S. Army, to Miss TEXANA EUGENIA, only daughter of the late John Clarke, Esq., of Nansemond county, Va.

At Burn's Place, Lenoir county, N. C., on Nov. 10th, 1857, by Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, NEEDHAM J. WHITFIELD, Esq., of Aberdeen, Miss., to Miss LUCY W., second daughter of the late Gen. James B. Whitfield, of Lenoir co.

The following from one of our Agents, who is too well known in his own State to need endorsing by us, will be read with interest by *Dyspeptics*:—

LEBANON, N. H., Feb. 29, 1856.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Co.,—*Gentlemen*: Please send by Express, another box of *Oxygenated Bitters*, as we are nearly out. These Bitters have recently been used with unusual benefit by a member of my family, who has derived more advantage from it than from all other medicines, which fact being known, greatly influences the demand for the Bitters. There is no profession, in which a reputation for truth and sincerity is more desirable, than in that of an Apothecary; and for this reason, I have always been careful in recommending remedies. But I feel perfectly safe in advising all who are troubled with Dyspepsia, to resort at once to the *Oxygenated Bitters*. Yours truly, &c.,

GEO. S. HENDRICK.

THE GEORGIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, *the Teacher's Assistant and Pupil's Friend*, ought to be in the hands of every teacher and pupil who wish to make the best possible improvement of his time and talent.

Published *weekly* in Quarto form in Forsyth, Ga., at $2.00 per annum, or $1.00 for 6 months.

Address "Georgia Educational Journal," Forsyth, Ga. Bw.

FALL DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

No.	1	$67.76	No.	27	No.	53	$88.00
	2	63.36		28		54	83.60
	3	69.52		29		55	97.68
	4	66.88		30		56	79.20
	5	115.28		31		57	102.08
	6	83.60		32		58	54.56
	7	71.28		33		59	92.40
	8	78.92		34		60	62.48
	9	73.92		35		61	60.72
	10	68.64		36		62	55.44
	11	61.60		37		63	62.48
	12	61.60		38		64	52.80
	13	45.76		39		65	61.60
	14	53.68		40		66	48.40
	15	60.72		41		67	59.84
	16	89.76		42		68	62 48
	17	64.24		43		69	24.64
	18	66.00		44		70	35.20
	19	79.20		45		71	100.32
	20	19.80		46		72	46.64
	21	66.00		47		73	45.76
	22	82.72		48		74	69.52
	23	119.68		49		75	65.12
	24	95.04		50		76	40.48
	25	58.08		51		77	
	26	71.28		52		78	92

103. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next session of this School will commence on Monday the 11th January next, and continue five months.

The course of instruction is thorough, embracing all the branches usually taught in Female Schools of the highest grade.

Having secured the services of the Misses Westbrook & Lynch, whose success in teaching is a sufficient guarantee of their qualifications. We therefore hope still to merit a large share of public patronage.

Terms the same as heretofore.

E. F. WATSON.

Dec. 17th, 1857. 103—4w

"MITCHELL'S FALLS."—This ELEGANT LITHOGRAPH, copied from an Ambrotype taken from Nature, giving a perfect view of the Falls and surrounding scenery, is now ready for delivery. It is a picture ten by fourteen inches—finished in "tints," and colored to nature in the finest style of the Art, accompanied by a "Key" and "Memorial," on a separate sheet, giving the principal incidents relating to the Falls, and a brief outline of Dr. Mitchell's Birth, Life and Death. It is published by James M. Edney, of New York, in "Tints," or "Colored," at the following prices:

In "Tints," without frame and glass,	$2 00
Colored to nature " " " "	3 00
In "Tints," Pictures and Key framed in gilt and Glass,	3 00
Colored to nature " " "	4 00

A limited number having been published, all persons desiring a copy would do well to order immediately, as the first impressions are the best, and the supply may fall short of the demand, JAMES M. EDNEY,

(103:tf) 56 John st., N. Y.

JUST TO HAND a new supply of miscellaneous, and School Books, Annals, stationery, &c. E. W. Ogburn & Co.

Dec. 20th, '57.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Cole & Amis have discovered they can sell Goods cheaper for cash by at least 25 per cent. than they have formerly been sold at in this section of county. They are now receiving a large addition to their stock of Groceries and Domestic Dry Goods, consisting of Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Cheese, Salt, and Liquors of all kinds, Confectionaries, Fruits preserved and dried, both in Syrup and Brandy. Also, a large stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Shirting, Sheeting, Bleached Domestics, Heavy-drilled Domestics, Linsies, Kersies, Jeans of superior quality and variety, and a large stock of Calico prints, Shoes, &c., &c., &c.

Call and examine before you purchase elsewhere, and the difference cannot but be perceived. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call as we will sell for a very small advance on cost. Give us a trial.

West Market st., Greensboro, N. C.

Dec. 1857

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered. Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

Dec. 1.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR Sale a very large and splendid stock of Jewelry, consisting of Breastpins and Ear Rings of every description, Finger Rings, Lockets, Charms, Bracelets, Neck Chains, Chatelain and guard Chains, Gold Crosses, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Gold and Silver Spectacles, some very fine vest and Fob Chains.

Also a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, finer than ever offered for sale here, which will be sold very low for cash.

OTTO HUBER,
(successor to A. P. Eckle.)

Dec. 3, 1857. 100—3m.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS. ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27:tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Bring on your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C.

Sept., 1857.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 14, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. G. LINDSAY, (Northeast corner of Elm and Market streets,) would invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern, Linsey, &c., Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain de Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c., &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.

A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.

Coffees, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.

Stock Brand Jeans and Cassimeres, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones. R. G. LINDSAY.

Oct. 17, 1857. (94:tf)

MARBLE YARD, NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL, Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

E. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (.....

THE TIMES

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

POETRY.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

A gift from Heaven—and as rare
As angel music to our ears:
Tis born above—tis nurtured there
Neath angel's smiles and angel tears.

Sweet Poetry! thou blessed thing!
Thou holy soul inspiring power!
Thou teachest all the birds to sing
In leafy tree and fragrant bower.

Thou teachest man to feel and know
What else, he'd never know nor feel;
Thou teachest woman's heart to glow
With thoughts too precious to reveal.

Sweet Poetry! we owe thee more!
Thou givest us the power to tell
In rhymes of praise how we adore
The blessed God in whom we dwell.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE FORTUNE-SEEKER.

BY INA CLAYTON.

"ISABEL, I suppose Sir Guilford will be here as usual, this evening, and I hope the day will be named when you are to become Mrs. Sir Guilford, for if he is not secured soon I fear he never will be, since your father is on the brink of ruin, and before many days I fear we shall be penniless. We surely shall be, if these troublesome monetary times hold much longer. Oh Isabel! your father nor I scarcely closed our eyes in sleep last night we were so troubled; he told me he had lost one hundred thousand dollars by one firm, and that this was only a beginning to his other losses. If we are reduced to poverty, what can we do? If you can marry Sir Guilford you can be provided for, and I do wish you might be married as soon as next week, or at least before Sir Guilford hears of your father's losses!"

"Mother, do you suppose Sir William Guilford would desert me if we should become poor? I think too much of him to suppose him so heartless and mercenary, yet it might be so, and I will do my best to hasten our nuptials; but how father is to furnish my many wants for the occasion I cannot conjecture, and then it will be so embarrassing if I cannot be attired as the bride of Sir Guilford should be. Oh mother! what shall we do? But I must not stay here repining, but go and dress, for my lover will be here before a great while." * * * *

The city clocks pealed out the hour of eight just as Sir Guilford entered the drawing room where sat Isabel Royce, who for the last hour had been anxiously awaiting his arrival. The spacious room was brilliantly illuminated, and the costly furniture and the elegant paintings which nearly covered the lofty walls, gave the room the appearance of some fairy land. Isabel looked as bright and joyous as though no trouble had ever entered her young heart, and Sir Guilford thought he had never seen her so gay or one half so beautiful as then; and no wonder he urged her to name the day when they should be married; and then he told her of a home far across the Atlantic, a home of splendor where her every wish should be gratified, and where she should reign queen of the palace which should be all their own; and Isabel listened spell-bound until her heart o'er flowed with joy. The small hours had nearly waned when Sir Guilford took his leave of Isabel with a promise to return to her the ensuing evening. Isabel was too happy the following day to give one thought to her father's financial troubles, and when the evening came round again, bringing with it her lover, her happiness knew no bounds. But ere he left her he informed her that he had pressing business on hand which would call him from town for the space of a week; he should doubtless leave the next morning, but she must give herself no uneasiness at his absence, as he should return to her within a week at least. Isabel could not refrain a bitter sigh at this intelligence; she felt that there was something wrong about it, and perhaps that this would be the last interview; his tone, his look, his manner all indicated it.

Sir Guilford had been absent a week, an eternity to Isabel, and how anxiously she gazed down the avenue in hopes, amid the multitude of human beings, to descry Sir Guilford. But alas! he made not one of their number. Days and weeks glided on, but Sir Guilford came not. He had been heard from, however, and reader mine, what did report say? that he, Sir Guilford, was a fortune-seeker, assuming a false title, a base impostor, whose profession, or trade rather, was that of a clever tailor, who had long resided in Bangor, but surmising that he might get a fortune easier than to work for it, he had taken the course above-described. Isabel was shocked at hearing such things of her lover, and although she was disgusted at his base proceedings, the happy hours she had passed in his bewildering presence, would often recur to her memory, and she would exclaim with the poet—

"It is past—bright, transient gleam
Of sunshine in life's dreary waste;
Even as some half remembered dream
Of happier times—'tis past—'tis past!"

Isabel's father did not regret his loss of property, since it had saved his daughter from sharing the untimely fate of the fortune-seeker, and deemed it a lucky circumstance, that Sir Guilford was made acquainted with the state of his affairs before he had become a member of his family. Isabel now resides with her parents in a small cottage, instead of the elegant mansion of the once proud merchant prince. Isabel complains not of her fate, nor sighs for Sir Guilford's (!) palace beyond the deeper waters.

"MRS. PARTINGTON."—We notice that B. P. Shillaber, Esq., (Mrs. Partington,) of the Boston *Gazette*, is delivering a poem on "Life's Bright Side," before the Western lyceums. It was received with great favor at Cincinnati. This is but his second season in the business, but Mr. Shillabor is already as popular in the North and West as a lecturer, as he is as the author of "Sayings of Mrs. Partington" and "Rhymes With Reason and Without."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HUMAN LIFE.

FROM MOLLIE'S SCRAP BOOK.

Life, with its vicissitudes and changes, its bright gleams of sunshine, and its dark hours of shadow, is a study, which may well claim the interest of the reflecting mind. The prize is one of varied character, now bright with hope gilded by anticipation, then shrouded in gloom. Trace but the history of a single individual from infancy to maturity, and thence on to the decline of life, and how checkered are its lines; the favored child of ease and indulgence may see friends, fortune, all departing, till the last link, the last tie of life is broken—while he who, in penury and sorrow, first entered upon the experience of life, sees himself, by a succession of unforeseen circumstances, raised to the very pinnacle of prosperous fortune. And so the world goes on, the wheel is ever turning, the secret springs which influence man's earthly destiny and produce his moral discipline, are to us invisible; it is enough that He who controls and directs them all, is as perfect in wisdom as in goodness.

The superficial observer looks on and exclaims, 'tis the mark of chance; he looks not beyond the surface, he sees not the hidden causes which have produced the result—he perceives not that character has exerted a powerful influence—he acknowledges the doings of an inscrutable providence. From slender materials some manufacture a fabric of happiness while others as wantonly sport with their own peace and that of others, and throw from them every advantage which station, friends, and all else can offer. How little does the parent realize, when his fond indulgence is fostering the seeds of passion in the child of his affection, that he is barbing the arrow which is to destroy his future peace—how seldom does he reflect that the indulgence of one selfish feeling and sinful passion may poison the stream of life and turn all its waters to bitterness.

The changes which mark an individual's lot, would sometimes seem to baffle all calculations upon cause and effect. Again, they would seem the natural result of character, as no arbitrary enactment, the simple following out of consequence, the effects which as naturally follow from previous causes, as the harvest of Autumn from the showers and sunshine of Summer.

A Prayer Answered.

The cold November winds howled dismally around the humble dwelling of a poor widow, and the rain beat violently against the casement. The few feeble embers which burned upon the hearth were insufficient to give warmth to the thinly clad woman, who, pale and feeble from long illness, huddled over them. Her illness had prevented her from persuing her humble labors for two weeks previous, and her last penny was gone, and her last crumb of bread eaten. After brooding for some time over her desolate and destitute condition, she fell upon her knees and poursd out her griefs to the great Father of all—with a wavering faith and a feeble voice she prayed—"Give me this day my daily bread." At that moment a warmly clad, light hearted and rosy cheeked boy happened to be passing on his way home from school. Hearing the voice of the poor woman, he stopped a moment to listen—the first words that fell upon his ear were "Give me this day my daily bread;" he stopped to hear no more, but as if impelled by some invissible power, he hastened to his home and informed his parents what he had heard; a basket was soon filled and with a light step and a happy heart he again approached the widow's humble dwelling. Softly opening the door he deposited his baket inside and again closed the door before the widow arose from her devotions. On arrising from her humble posture, with what unspeakable delight did the eye of the poor woman rest upon the basket filled with rich articles of food. With a grateful heart she partook of the welcome viands, and with renewed and increasing trustfulness in her heavenly Guardian, happy and contented retired to her humble couch. But greater was the happiness of the lovely boy and his parents, for they realized the truth of the inspired declaration.—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Pleasures of Contentment.

We have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no time to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that solomen says, "The delligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it is wisely said by a man of great observation that there be as many miseries *beyond riches* as on this side of them.—And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the bars that are the keys that keep those riches, hang so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

WINDMILLS APPLIED TO VESSELS.—A Cuban is getting up a new system of propelling vessels, by the building of windmills on the decks of ships, with wings, from which motion is to be communicated to side wheels, similar to those of steamships. The models have been successfully tried and it only remains to be determined whether the force of the wind will of itself be sufficient to give vessels thus propelled the speed of ordinary ships. If this question be satisfactorily solved, it seems evident that a windmill-ship will be able to sail just as well with a contrary as with a fair wind—because, it being perfectly easy to alter the position of the wings, they may be always opposed to the wind, from whatever direction it may blow.

A LEGAL INFERENCE.—A Western lady who has been studying law has made out the following brief: "Lotteries are illegal and marriage is the greatest lottery in life;" ergo—all marriages are illegal.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

HOW TO CULTIVATE A TALENT FOR DRAWING:—The ability to delineate objects of nature and art is not only one of the most graceful, but most useful accomplishments, and should be cultivated by every person who has a taste for it, and especially should it be fostered in childhood. On this subject, Ruskin, the eloquent writer on architecture, painting and the ornamental arts, says:—

"If a child has talent for drawing, it will be continually scrawling on what paper it can get; and should be allowed to scrawl at its own free will, due praise being given for every appearance of care or truth in its efforts. It should be allowed to amuse itself with cheap colors almost as soon as it has sense enough to wish for them. If it merely daubs the paper with shapeless stains, the color box may be taken away till it knows better; but, as soon as it begins painting red coats on soldiers, striped flags to ships, &c., it should have colors at command; and, without restraining its choice of subject in that imaginative and historical art, of a millitary tendency, which children delight in (generally quite as valuable, by the way, as any historical art delighted in by their elders), it should be gently led by its parents to try to draw, in such childish fashion as may be, the things it can see and likes—birds, or butterflies, or flowers, or fruit. In later years the indulgence of using the color should only be granted as a reward, after it has shown care and progress in its drawings with pencil."

CLEANING SADDLES, &c:—The following is a good recipe which will give saddles and bridles a good polish, and be entirely free from all stickiness:—The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum dissolved into a pint of gin, and put into a common wine-bottle, and filled up with water.

BURGLAR ALARM AND DEFENSE:—A useful invention has recently been made, especially for travelers, with this name. It is a pistol a few inches long, so that it can be used as an ordinary pistol and carried in the pocket, or so arranged that at night it can be screwed into your bedroom door, and on any attempt to force it open, the pistol is discharged, and sends a bullet through the intruder before he is aware of it.

MINT SAUCE:—Many of our country friends do not know what a luxury they deprive themselves of, when they eat lamb, either boiled or baked, without mint sauce. Set a few roots of spearmint in one corner of the garden, and they will soon furnish an abundant supply. Strip off the leaves and chop them fine, add an equal amount of sugar, and cover the whole with vinegar. A small teacupful of the mixture will be sufficient for a large family. Try this, and see if it is not far preferable to greasy gravies.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE:—An important item is the following to builders. A new system of moulding, which gives to plaster the hardness and durability of marble, has been invented, and it is proposed to employ this substance for all ornamental purposes where marble or stone has been previously used. It is susceptable of recieving a beautiful polish, and will cost only one fifth of the best cut stone. The following is the process of making, followed by the inventor:—He places the plaster in a drum turning horizontally on its axis, and admits a steam boiler; by this means the plaster is made to absorb in a short space of time the desired quantity of moisture, which can be regulated with the greatest precision. With plaster thus prepared, and which always preserves its pulverulent state, he fills suitable moulds, and submits the whole for a short time to the action of an hydraulic press. When taken out of the moulds, the articles are ready for use. This process is simple and economical, the cost of the manufacture very little exceeding that of the material. The plaster thus prepared is perfectly hard and compact, taking the polish of marble. The most delicate bas-reliefs and highly finished medals may be produced from it with the same perfection as they have in the original. An experience of three years has shown that productions obtained by this process resist the most unfavorable atmospheric influences; it can therefore be employed as well for works in the open air as for the interior of buildings.

HOW TO MAKE A TRUE 12 O'CLOCK MARK:—A North and South line made by a surveyor's compass is often used for a 12 o'clock mark, but it is not correct. To make a correct one, draw several concentric circles on a smooth, level surface. In the center erect a perpendicular, three or four inches high. Any time in the forenoon when the end of the shadow touches any one of the circles, mark the place; in the afternoon when the shadow touches the same circle, make another mark—then draw a line from these points thus obtained; at right angles with this line, draw a line to the center, which will be the true meridian.

GRUEL BATTER-CAKES—*a Southern Receipt*.—One quart of thick gruel, one large tablespoonful of butter, nine eggs, a little salt, two spoonfuls of flour, and corn-meal, to form a batter; cook the butter in the gruel; remove from the fire; pour into a wooden bowl, and stir until almost cool; then add the eggs and meal, and lastly one small teaspoonful of soda, rolled free from lumps, and dissolve in warm water. The corn-meal should be white and fresh.

TENNESSEE CORN-BREAD:—One quart of thick sour cream, one spoonful of fresh butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one tablespoonful of sifted flour, white corn-meal to form a soft dough; work well with your hands, and bake in a buttered pan. Serve very hot.

SOUTHERN BISCUIT:—Two quarts of sifted flour, two large spoonfuls of lard, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda, mashed fine, and mixed with the flour; sift both together; mix up to a soft dough with sour cream; do not handle too much, but work well, and bake in a quick oven.

It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting makes the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION 1.—A boy shot a hawk under the following circumstances: there was a level lot containing 1¼ acres, in the form of a rectangle whose length was equal to 6⅔ times, its width. The boy was at one angle, and the hawk was on the top of a tree, standing on the opposite side, 1-5 of the length of the lot from the same end, and the height of the tree was equal to 1¼ times, the width of the lot added to the height of the muzzle of the gun at the time of shooting. What was the distance of shooting?

Solution in next number.

(Marcus will please accept of our thanks for his questions, and we would be pleased to present at least one every week. Their solution may help to spend many a solitary hour with pleasure and profit. Who will send us an answer, and some new questions?)

On a Small Woman.

O, happy one! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song—
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

CONUNDRUMS:—Why was St. Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy. Rather bad.

Why is a pretty young woman like corn in time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

Why is a grainfield like a group of children? Because when the heads bend and nod, they should be cradled.

Why are the sheaves of grain like rude boys? Because they must be thrashed before they are fit for use.

Better be smitten with a young lady than with the rheumatism. Depends much on circumstances, however.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Kaze he is going to alight.

Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised, or another one run down?

A man of talent is lost if he does not join talent to energy of character. With the lantern of Diogenes you should also have his stick.

Haller, while dying, put his finger on his wrist and said: "The artery has ceased to beat"—and was dead.

It is better to be pitted wath a mother-in-law (some one says), than to be pitted with the smallpox. Not so sure about that.

"DON'T HURT MY PET."—"Hurt me, if you like, but don't hurt my pet," is an utterance that could come from no man who had not a well of pure human feeling somewhere in his nature, hidden away as it might be among the dark weeds and shadows of a misguided life.

How to make pantaloons last—make the coat and vest first. The perpetrator of this surely deserves a button.

Every storm escaped by the prudent mariner, adds to his dexterity in working his vessel amid tempests in future. This is true of the saint; all storms hasten him to, and finally land him safe in Heaven at last. Meanwhile all his sufferings are heavenly gifts and should be sanctified for a calm.

What a great deal of time and care that man gains who is not troubled with the spirit of curiosity, who lets his neighbor's thoughts and behavior alone, confines his inspections to himself, and takes care of the points of honesty and conscience.

Let us remove temptation from the path of youth, as the frog said as he plunged into the water, when he saw a boy pick up a stone.

Benevolence of disposition and decision of character united, make a man a blessing to the circle in which he moves.

A short man became attached to a very tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her.

"Do you call that falling in love?" said an old bachelor, "it is more like climbing up to it."

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy, will not seek in vain.

A Philadelphia paper recently inserted the following advertisement:

"Wanted at this office, two devils of good moral character."

Some philosopher has remarked "that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives." This would seem both a beautiful and plausible idea, were it not for the recollection of the hand that has to give—spanks!

Widow and witch have the same etymological derivation,—both meaning white woman, in allusion to the color of their dress. The connection is very striking, especially if the widow is young and pretty.

A friend of ours kept his hands warm all winter from "mittens" he got from the ladies. Cheap way for a supply of comfortables.

Timid people are defined to be—a lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot, and a steamboat captain with a cholera case on board.

A clergyman catechising the youth of his church, put the question from the catechism to a girl:—

'What is your consolation in life and death?'

The poor girl smiled, but did not answer The priest insisted.

'Well, then,' she said, 'since I must tell it is the yong printer on Main street.

A Remedy that cures.—When suffering from any disease of the throat or lungs, rest assured that speedy relief can be obtained by using Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its success in such cases is unparalleled.

THE TIMES:
A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best writers, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
Published weekly at $2 pr. an.
OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.
Specimen sent gratis.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!
The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.
A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.
"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."
P. THURSTON, *Agent.*

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Fourteenth Session will commence on the first Monday in January, 1858. The teachers employed are of the first order of ability. The course of instruction is unusually thorough and extensive.

Expenses:

Tuition in Elementary Branches,	$15
" " College Classes,	20
" " Music,	20
" " Drawing,	10
" " Painting,	20
" " Embroidery,	5
Board and Washing per month,	10

No extra charges will be made.
For particulars apply to J. H. MILLS,
(96::3m) Oxford, N. C.

GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

ADAMANTINE AND TALLOW Candles by the lb or Box for sale at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

AN EXCELLENT Assortment of Hats and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

TO PURCHASERS OF
Cabinet Furniture.
From 20 to 30 per cent. saved. See advertisement of FOSTER & LEE, 35 Bowery, New York, in the principal newspapers of Wilmington, Raleigh, Newbern, Fayetteville, &c.
☞ Catalogues containing List of Prices, will be sent free of postage, on application
86—1t e o m l y.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.
At a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "
This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.
Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF Pure white Lead, Dry and in oil, to gether with Putty in cans and Glass assorted sises for sale by R. N. CALDWELL.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE, A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

BEULAH MALE INSTITUTE, Madison, N. C. The Second Session of this Institution will begin on Wednesday, January 6th, and close on the first Thursday in June.—Students will be prepared for any class in College, or for the practical duties of life. The discipline will be firm, and such as to secure diligence in study, and commendable deportment.
TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE.

Elementary English,	$10
Higher English,	15
Ancient Languages and Mathematics,	20
Modern Languages, Each,	10

For additional particulars address
L. H. SHUCK, *Principal.*
(98-3m.)

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. N. Caldwell has just received his neat and well selected assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Druggs, Paints and Die Stuffs, Castings, Cedar and willow wares, all of which he offers on the most reasonable terms and earnestly solicits his friends, and the trading community to an examination of his stock
Terms exclusively cash or its equivolent, and no deviation in Prices.
R. N. CALDWELL.

FRESH ARRIVALS. Per Schr.
L. P. Smith, from New York,
50 Boxes prime Cheese,
10 Kegs Goshen Butter,
10 Bbls City Mess Pork,
5 " Leaf Lard. Good weights and mesures given. Low for cash.
Nov. 14, GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

THE REVISED CODE.
50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W OGBURN.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL, J. D. CAMPBELL, A. M., *Principal.*—The next Session of this School will commence on the first Monday in January, 1858. Terms as heretofore.
For particulars address the principal,
Greensboro', N. C.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
July, 1856.
Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.
Also,
Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.
Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*
He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

SUMMER DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

No.	$26.18	No.	$26.80	No.	$34.00
1		27		53	
2	24.48	28	40.46	54	32.30
3	26.86	29	25.16	55	37.74
4	25.84	30	41.14	56	30.60
5	44.54	31	29.58	57	39.44
6	32.30	32	31.62	58	21.08
7	27.50	33	52.02	59	35.70
8	28.56	34	48.62	60	24.14
9	28.56	35	19.72	61	23.46
10	26.52	36	48.62	62	21.42
11	26.80	37	36.72	63	24.14
12	23.80	38	58.48	64	20.40
13	17.68	39	10.88	65	23.80
14	20.74	40	23.12	66	18.70
15	23.46	41	28.22	67	23.12
16	34.68	42	39.78	68	24.14
17	24.82	43	27.20	69	9.52
18	25.50	44	17.68	70	13.60
19	30.60	45	24.48	71	38.76
20	7.48	46	29.24	72	18.02
21	25.50	47	23.12	73	17.68
22	31.96	48	24.54	74	26.86
23	46.24	49	16.32	75	25.16
24	36.72	50	44.54	76	15.64
25	22.44	51	14.62		
26	27.54	52	28.56		

84. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, areply to, "Dred;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

New Books just received at the Book Store.
Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

BARGAINS—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST GOODS IN MARKET, AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving his Fall stock of ready made Clothing, Overcoats, Shawls, Comforts, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Collars, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, Oct. 7th.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.
To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.
The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge*. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.
Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.
Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

SUSPENDED NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA Banks taken at par for goods at S. ARCHER'S.
Oct. 26.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.
Also,
SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER
All kinds of Blanks for sale.

JOB WORK.
Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of **Plain & Fancy Job TYPE**, we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing
Pamphlets, Circulars, Hand-Bills,
Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Bill-Heads,
Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once.

BLANKS.
WE have just printed, on a very good article of Post's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Blank Warrants,	Ca Sa Bonds,	Affidavits,
Writs,	Executions,	Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Jurat Tickets,
Land Entries,	Subpœnas,	Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions,	Writs to sell Land, &c. &c.	

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
West Market Street, Greensboro N.C.

THE BRITISH REVIEWS, AND Blackwood's Magazine.—Great Inducements to subscribe!—Premiums and Reductions.—L. SCOTT & CO., N. Y., continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:
1 The London Quarterly (Conservative.)
2 The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
3 The North British Review (Free Church.)
4 The Westminster Review (Liberal.)
5 Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)
These periodicals ably represent the three great political parties of Great Britain—Whig, Tory, and Radical,—but politics forms only one feature of their character. As Organs of the most profound writers on Science, Literature, Morality and Religion, they stand, as they ever have stood, unrivalled in the world of letters, being considered indispensable to the scholar and the professional man, while to the intelligent reader of every class they furnish a more correct and satisfactory record of the current literature of the day, throughout the world, than can be possibly obtained from any other source.
EARLY COPIES.
The receipt of *Advance Sheets* from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.
TERMS. (Regular Prices.)

	Per ann.
For any one of the four Reviews	$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews	5 00
For any three of the four Reviews	7 00
For all four of the Reviews	8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine	3 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	10 00

Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.
POSTAGE.
The Postage to any part of the United States will be but twenty-four cents a year for "Blackwood," and but fourteen cents a year for each of the Reviews. At the above prices the Periodicals will be furnished for 1858, and as a Premium to New Subscribers, the Nos. of the same Periodicals for 1856, will be furnished complete, *without additional charge.*
Unlike the more ephemeral Magazines of the day, these Periodicals lose little by age. Hence, a full year of the Nos. (with no omission) for 1856, may be regarded nearly as valuable as for 1858.
Subscribers wishing also the Nos. for 1857, will be supplied at the following extremely low rates.

Splendid Offers for 1856, '57, & '58 together.	
For Blackwood's Magazine	5 00
For any one Review	5 00
For any two Reviews	8 00
For Blackwood and one Review	8 00
For Blackwood and two Reviews	10 00
For three Reviews	10 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews	13 00
For the four Reviews	12 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	15 00

N. B.—The price in Great Britain of the five Periodicals above-named is $31 per annum.
As we shall never again be likely to offer such inducements as those here presented, Now is the Time to Subscribe!!
☞ Remittances must, in all cases, be made *direct to the Publishers*, for at these prices no commission can be allowed to agents. Address,
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
No. 54 Gold street, N. Y.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,
Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.
They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.
The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.
They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and at the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.
JAMES M. HUGHES.
March 12